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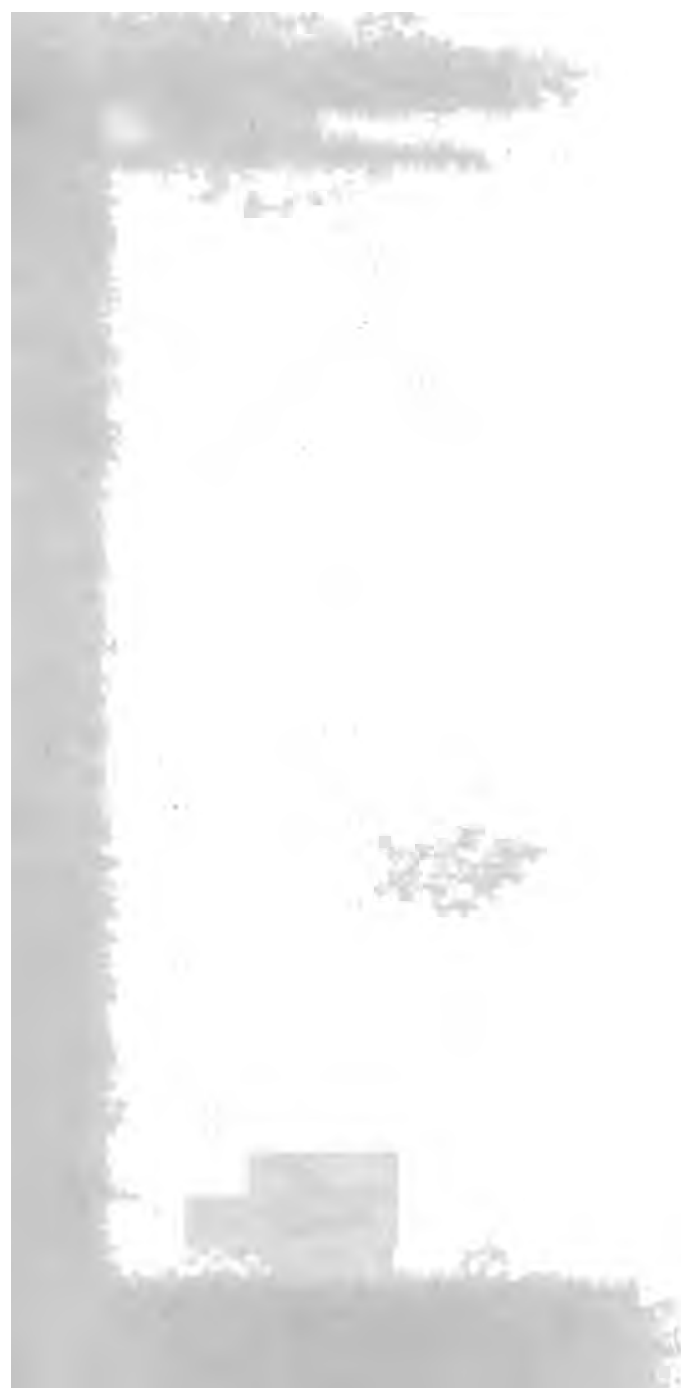
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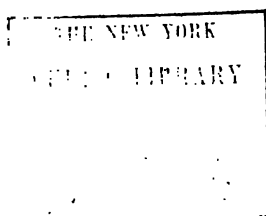
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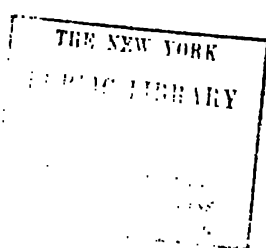
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Neal



"Boots;" or, the Misfortunes of Peter Faber.



The Moral of Goslyne Greene, who was born to a Fortune.



CHARLES

REICHES.

3433

SECOND SERIES.

BY THE LATE

JOSEPH C. NEAL,

AUTHOR OF "IN TOWN AND ABOUT," "PETER FLODDY," ETC.

"Even as some sick men will take no medicine, unless some pleasant thing be put amongst their potions, although it be somewhat hurtful, yet the physician suffereth them to have it: so, because many will not hearken to serious and grave documents, unless they be mingled with some fable or jest, therefore reason willoth us to do the like."—SIR THOMAS MORE.

ILLUSTRATED BY DARLEY.

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MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN collecting this volume of sketches, and presenting them to the public, I have fulfilled what has seemed to me a sacred duty — obeyed almost the latest wish of one now gone from among us. From the commencement of Mr. Neal's ill health, the preceding winter, he seemed to have a presentiment that his life was nearly ended; even when his friends hoped that his disease was completely subdued.

Scarcely three weeks before the day which so suddenly fulfilled these gloomy forebodings, I entered the room where he was employed in arranging some of these very papers. He looked up with a sad smile—"I suppose some one will give these to the world when I am gone," said he.

Shocked at the idea thus presented, I tried to rally him, and laughingly replied, "If you are too busy to attend to the matter, let me do it for you."

"True, true," he answered, still sadly; "I had forgotten. You must be my editor; will you not, Alice? I shall not live to see them published."

I playfully made the promise, wondering what had so oppressed him, and little dreaming that I should so soon be called upon to

fulfil it. Having now done so, to the best of my ability, I trust that those, who so kindly welcomed former works from the same pen, will receive this with like favor.

The fine vein of wit and good-humored sarcasm, which runs through the Charcoal Sketches, is too well known to need comment; but the profound philosophy, and genuine philanthropy, which these light and sparkling descriptions cover, are not recognised by all. It was the aim of Mr. Neal, not only to amuse, but also to instruct.

There are other sketches, which may perhaps be collected, should sufficient encouragement be given; for the present, this volume is respectfully tendered to the public, by the wife of its author.

ALICE B. NEAL.

PHILADELPHIA, *October 25, 1847.*

Charcoal Sketches.

"BOOTS:"

OR, THE MISFORTUNES OF PETER FABER.

It was a lovely autumnal morning. The air was fresh, with just enough of frost about it to give ruddiness to the cheek and brilliancy to the eye. The rays of the sun streamed brightly up the street; knockers, door-plates, and bell-handles, beamed with more than usual lustre; while they who had achieved their breakfasts, and had no fear of duns, went, according to the bias of their musical fancy, either whistling or singing through the town, as if they had finally dissolved partnership with care, and had nothing else to do for the remainder of their natural lives but to be as merry as grigs and as frolicsome as kittens. Every one, even to the heavy-footed, displayed elasticity of step and buoyancy of motion. There were some who seemed to have a disposition to dance from place to place, and evidently found it difficult to refrain from a pirouette around the corner, or a pigeon-wing across the way, in evidence of the lightheartedness that prevailed within. The atmosphere had a silent music in it, more delicious than orchestral strains, and none could resist its charm, who were not insensible in mind and body to the innocent delight which is thus afforded to the healthful spirit. There are mornings in this variable climate of ours more exhilarating than the wines of the ban-

quet. There are days which seem to be a fête opened to all the world. The festive hall, with its blaze of chandeliers and its feverish jollity, has no pleasure in its joys to equal nature's holyday, which demands no hollow cheek or haggard eye in recompense. Enjoyment here has no remorse.

No wonder, then, that young men slapped their comrades on the back with a merry laugh, and dealt in mirthful salutations. Nor could it cause surprise that old men poked their cronies with a stick, and thought that it was funny. Ay, there are moments when our frail humanity is forgotten—when years and sorrow roll away together—when time slackens its iron hold upon us—when pain, tears, disappointments, and contrition, cease to bear down the spirit, and for a little moment grant it leave to sport awhile in pristine gleefulness—when, indeed we scarcely recognise our careworn selves, and have, as it were, brief glimpses of a new existence.

Still, however, this is a world of violent contrasts, and of painful incongruities. Some of us may laugh; but while we laugh, let us be assured of it that there are others who are weeping. It is pleasant all about you here, within your brief horizon, but the distance may be short to scenes most sadly different. Smiles are on your brow, as you jostle through the street, yet your elbow touches him whose heart is torn with grief. Is there a merry-making in your family—are friends in congregation there with mirth, and dance, and song? How strange to think that it is scarce a step to the couch of suffering or the chamber of despair. The air is tremulous, perchance, with sighs and groans; and though our joyous strains overwhelm all sorrow's breathings, yet the sorrow still exists even when we hear it not.

And so it was on this autumnal morning. While the very air had delight in it, and while happiness pervaded the atmosphere, there was a little man who felt it not—poor little man—poor grim little man—poor queer little man—poor

little man disconsolate. Sadness had engrossed the little man. For him, with no sunshine in his heart, all outward sunshine was in vain. It had no ray to dispel the thick fogs of gloom that clouded round his soul; and the gamesome breezes which fluttered his garments and played around his countenance, as if to provoke a smiling recognition, met with as little of response as if they had paid courtship to the floating iceberg, and they passed quickly by, chilled by the hyperborean contact. The mysterious little man—contradictory in all his aspects to the order of the day—appeared, as he walked toward the corner of Fifth and Chestnut streets—Justice's peculiar stand, where "Black Marias" most do congregate, and where his honor does the honors to that portion of society who are so unfortunate and so maladroit as to be caught in their transgressions and to be arrested in their sins—he appeared, we say, as he approached this awful corner, to be most assuredly under duress, as well as an enlistment under general affliction—a guard of functionaries—a body-guard, though not of honor, seemed to wait upon him—the grim little man and the queer little man. There was a hand too—ponderous in weight—austere in knuckle—severe in fist—resting clutchingly upon the collar of the little man, as if to demonstrate the fact that he only was the person to be gazed at—the incident, the feature, the sensation of the time—though the little man resisted not. He had yielded to his fate, sulkily, it may be, but submissively. Pale was the little man's face—most pale; while his hat was generally crumpled in its circumference, and particularly smashed in the details of its crown, having the look, abused hat, of being typical of its owner's fortunes—an emblem, as it were, of the ups and the downs, the stumbling-places and the pitfalls wherewith its owner's way through life is diversified. He had a coat, too—though this simple fact can not be alluded to as distinctly characteristic—most men wear coats whose aspirations go beyond the roundings of a jacket. But our little

man's coat was peculiar—"itself alone," speaking of it merely as a coat. There were two propositions—either the coat did not belong to him, or else he did not belong to the coat—one of these must have been true, if it were proper to form an opinion upon the usual evidences which go to settle our impression as to the matter of proprietorship in coats. The fitness of things is the great constituent of harmony in coats, as in all other matters; but here was a palpable violation of the fitness of things, a coat being a thing that ought always to fit, or to come as near to that condition as the skill of the tailor, or the configuration of the man, will allow. It may possibly be that mischance had shrunk the individual's fair proportions, and had thus left his garments in the lurch—the whole arrangement being that of a very small kernel in an uncommonly-extensive shell. It may be mentioned also, in the way of illustration, that the buttons behind were far below their just and proper location—that its tails trailed on the ground; while in front the coat was buttoned almost around its wearer's knees—not so stringently, however, as to impede progression, for its ample circumference allowed sufficient play to his limbs. Thus the little man was not only grim, and queer, and sorrowful, but was also picturesque and original. There was at least nothing like him to be seen that day, or any other day; and, as he walked, marvellous people held up their hands and wondered—curious people rubbed their eyes and stared—sagacious people shook their wise heads in disapproval; and dubious people, when they heard of it, were inclined to the opinion that it must be a mistake altogether, and "a no such thing." A boy admiringly observed, that it was his impression that "there was a good deal of coat with a very small allowance of man," like his grandmother's pies, which, according to his report, were more abundantly endowed with crust than gifted with apples; as if the merit of a pie did not consist mainly in its enclosures. To confess the truth, it might as well be can-

didly granted at once, that but for the impediment of having his arms in the sleeves, the little man might have turned round in his coat, without putting his coat to the inconvenience of turning round with him.

The case—we do not mean the coat, but the case, in general and inclusive—offered another striking peculiarity. In addition to the somewhat dilapidated pair which already adorned his pedal extremities, the little man, or Mr. Peter Faber—for such was the appellation in which this little man rejoiced, when he did happen to rejoice—for no one ever was lucky enough to catch him at it—Mr. Peter Faber carried another pair of boots along with him—one in each hand—as if he had used precaution against being sent on a bootless errand, and took the field like artillery, supplied with extra wheels. But it was not that Mr. Peter Faber had feloniously appropriated these boots, as ill-advised persons might be induced to suppose. But each man has his idiosyncrasy—his peculiarities—some trait which, by imperceptible advances, results at last in being the master-passion, consuming all the rest; and boots—an almost insane love of boots—stood in this important relation to Mr. Peter Faber. In happier days, when the sun of prosperity beamed brightly on him, full of warmth and cheeriness, Peter Faber had a whole closet full of boots, and a top-shelf full of blacking—in boxes and in bottles—solid blacking, and that which is diluted; and Peter Faber's leisure hours were passed in polishing these boots, in admiring these boots, and in trying on these boots. Peter knew, sadly enough, that he could not be regarded as a handsome man—that neither his face nor his form was calculated to attract attention as he passed along; but his foot was undeniably neat—both his feet were—and his affection for himself came to a concentration at that point.

Some men there are who value themselves upon one quality—others may be discovered who flatter themselves on the possession of another quality—each of us is a sort

of heathen temple, with its peculiar idol for our secret worship. There are those who pay adoration to their hair. Whiskers, too, have votaries. People are to be met with who attitudinize with their fingers, from a belief that these manual appendages are worthy to be admired, because they are white, or chance to be of diminutive order. Many eyes have double duty to perform, that we may be induced to mark their languishing softness or to note their sparkling brilliancy. To smile is often a laborious occupation to those who fancy they are displayed to advantage in that species of physiognomical exercise; and there are persons of the tragic style, who practise frowning severity in the mirrors, that they may "look awfully" at times. Softnesses of this kind are innumerable, rendering us the most ridiculous when most we wish to please. The strongest have such folly; and the weak point in Peter Faber's character lay in his foot. Men there are who will make puns, and are yet permitted to live. Peter Faber cherished boots, and became the persecuted of society! Justice is blind.

On the previous night, in the very hours of quietness and repose, there came a strange noise of rattling and bumping at the front door of the respectable house of the respectable family of the Sniggsses — people by no means disposed to turbulence themselves, or inclined to tolerate turbulence in others. It so happened, indeed, on this memorable occasion, that Sniggs himself was absent from the city; and the rest of the family were nervous after dark, because his valor had temporarily been withdrawn from their protection. Still, however, the fearful din continued, to the complete and terrified awakening of the innocent Sniggsses from the refreshment of balmy slumber. And such a turmoil — such hurrying to and fro, under the appalling influence of nocturnal alarm. Betsy, the maid-of-all-work, crept in terror to the chamber of the maternal Mrs. Sniggs. Betsy first heard the noise and thought it "washing-day;" but discovering her mistake, Betsy aroused the matron with the somewhat indefinite news,

though rather fearful announcement, that "they are breaking in!"—the intelligence, perhaps, being the more horrible because of its vagueness, it being left to the excited imagination to determine who "they" were. Then came little Tommy Sniggs, shivering with cold and fear, while he looked like a sheeted ghost in the whiteness of his nocturnal habiliments. Tommy and Betsy crawled under the bed, that they might lie hid in safety. Nor were Mary, and Sally, and Prudence, and Patience, slow in their approach; and they distributed themselves within the bed and beneath, as terror chanced to suggest. Never before had the Sniggs family been stowed away with such compactness—never before had there been such trembling and shaking within the precincts of that staid and sober mansion.

"There it goes again!" shivered Mrs. Sniggs, from beneath the blankets

"They're most through the door!" quivered Betsy, under the bed.

"They'll take all our money!" whimpered Prudence.

"And all our lives, too!" groaned Patience.

"And the spoons besides!" shrieked Mary, who was acting in the capacity of housekeeper for that particular week.

"Pa!" screamed Tommy, under the usual impression of the juveniles, that, as "pa" corrects them, he is fully competent to the correction of all the other evils that present themselves under the sun.

"Ma!" ejaculated the others, seeking rather for comfort and consolation, than for fiercer methods of relief. But neither "pa" nor "ma" seemed to have an exorcising effect upon the mysterious bumpings, and bangings, and pantings, and ejaculations, at the front door.

In the process of time, however, becoming a little familiarized to the disturbance, Mrs. Sniggs slowly raised the window, and put forth her nightcapped head, it having been suggested that by possibility it might be a noise emanating from Mr. Sniggs, or "pa" himself, returning unexpectedly.

"Who's there?" said Mrs. Sniggs.

"Boots!" was the sepulchral reply.

"Is it you, dear—you, Sniggs?"

"If you mean 'me' by saying 'you,' it is me—but I'm not 'dear'—boots is 'dear'—Sniggs, did you say? Who's Sniggs? If he is an able-bodied man, send him down here to bear a hand, will you?" and another crash renewed the terrors of the second story, which sought vent in such loud and repeated shrieks, that even the watchman himself was awakened, and judiciously halting at the distance of half a square, he made his reconnaissance with true military caution, concluding with an inquiry as to what was the matter, that he might know exactly how to regulate his approaches to the seat of war. An idea had entered his mind, that perhaps a ghost was at the bottom of all this uproar; and though perhaps as little afraid of mere flesh and blood as most people of his vocation, he had no fondness for taking spectres by the collar, or for springing his rattle at the heels of a goblin, holding it—the principle, and not the ghost—as a maxim that, if such folks pay no taxes and are not allowed to vote, they are not entitled to the luxury of an arrest, for the ordinances of the city do not apply to them.

"Even if it is not a ghost nor a sperrit—and I'm not very fond of any sort of sperrits but them that comes in bottles," said he, having now approached near enough to hear the knocking, and to see a dark object in motion at the top of Mr. Sniggs's steps—"perhaps it's something out of the menagerie or the museum—something that bites or something that hooks; and I can not afford to have my precious corporation used for the benefit of the city's corporation. The wages is too small for a man to have himself killed into the bargain."

"But maybe it's a bird!" continued he, as he caught a glimpse of Peter's coat-tail fluttering in the wind—
"sho-o-o-o!"

But no regard being paid to the cry, which settled the

point that there was no bird in the case—"sho-o-o!" being a part of bird language, and only comprehensible by the feathered race—the watchman slowly advanced, until he saw that the mysterious being was a man—a little man—apparently levelling a blunderbuss and pulling at the trigger.

"Who said shoe, when it's boot?" inquired the unknown figure, still seemingly with a gun at its shoulder, and turning round so that the muzzle appeared to point dangerously at the intruder.

"Hallo! don't shoot! maybe it will go off!" cried the watch, as he ducked and dived to confuse the aim and to avoid the anticipated bullet.

"Don't shute! I know it don't shute—that's what I want it to do—I'm trying to make it shute with all my ten fingers," was the panting reply, as the apparently threatening muzzle was lowered for an instant and raised again—"and as for its going off, that's easy done. What I want, is to make it go on."

Luckily for Charley's comfort, he now discovered that the supposed blunderbuss was Peter Faber's leg; and that the little man had it levelled like a gun, in the vain attempt to pull a Wellington boot over that which already encased his foot. He sighed and tugged, and sighed and tugged again. The effort was bootless. He could not, to use his own words, make it "shute." The first pair, which already occupied the premises, would not be prevailed upon to admit of interlopers, and Peter's pulling and hauling were in vain.

It was the banging of Peter's back against the front door of Mrs. Sniggs's mansion that had so alarmed the family; and now as he talked, he hopped across the pavement, still tugging at the boot, and took his place upon the fire-plug.

"Pshaw!—baint it hot!" said Peter. "Drat these boots! they've been eating green presimmings. I guess their mouths are all drawn up, just as if they wanted to whistle 'Hail Kerlumbo.' They did fit like nothing when I tried 'em on this morning; but now I might as well pull at the

door-handle and try to poke my foot through the keyhole. My feet couldn't have growed so much in a single night, or else my stockings would have been tore; and I'm sure these are my own legs and nobody else's, because they are as short as ever and as bandy. Besides, I know it's me by the patches on my knees. That's the way I always tell."

"Are you quite sure," inquired the watch, "that you didn't get swopped as you came up the street? You've got boot, somehow or other. But come, now," added he authoritatively, and putting on the dignity that belongs to his station, "quit being redickalis, and tell us what's the meaning of sich goin's on in a white man, who ought to be a credit to his fetching up. If you're a gentleman's son, always be genteel, and never cut up shindies, or indulge in didoes. What are you doing with them 'are boots? That's the question, Mr. Speaker."

"Doing with my boots? What could I do without my boots, watchy?" added Peter, in tones of the deepest solemnity, as he laid his boots upon his lap and smoothed them down with every token of affection. "Watchy, though you are a watchy, you've got a heart with the sensibilities in it—nothing of the brickbat about you, is there, watchy? If you are ugly to look at, it's not your fault, and it's not your fault that you're a watchy: I can see with half an eye that you're a man with feelings; and you know as well as I do that we must have something to love in this world—you love your rattle—I love my boots—better nor they love me, I'm afraid," and Peter grew plaintive.

The watchman, however, shook his head with an expression of "duberousness," which, like the celebrated nod of Lord Burleigh, seemed to signify a great deal relative to the thoughts existing within the head that was thus shaken. It vibrated, as it were, between opinions, oscillating to the right, under the idea that Peter Faber was insane from moral causes, and pendulating to the left with the impression that

he was queer, perchance, from causes which come upon the table of liquid measure.

Peter's thoughts, however, were too intent upon the work he had in hand and desired to get on foot, to pay attention to any other insinuation than that of trying to insinuate his toes into the calfskin. Sarcastic glances and nods of distrust were thrown away upon him. He asked no other solace than that of bringing his sole in contact with the sole of his new boot. On this his soul was intent.

"It's not a very genteel expression, I know," said the nocturnal guardian, "and it may seem to be rather a personal insinuation, though I only ask it in a professional way, and not because I want to know as a private citizen—no, it's in my public capacity, that I think you've been drinking—I think so as a watchman, not as David Dumpy. Isn't you a leetle corned?"

"Corned! No—look at my foot—nor bunioned either," replied Peter, as he commenced another series of tugging at the straps; and with a look of suspicion, he added: "That 'tarnal bootman must have changed 'em. He's giv me some baby's boots. But never mind—boots was made to go on, and go on they must, if I break my back a driving into 'em. Hurra!" shrieked our hero, "bring on your wild cats!"

With this exclamation—which amounts with those who use it, to a determination to do or die—Peter screwed up his visage and his courage to what may be truly denominated "the terrible feet," and put forth his whole strength. Every nerve was strained to its utmost tension; the tug was tremendous; but alas! Cesar was punctured as full of holes as a cullender, by those whom he regarded as his best friends; many others have been stuck in a vital part by those who were their intimate cronies; and how could Peter Faber hope to escape the treachery by which all great men are begirt? When exerting the utmost of his physical strength, the traitorous straps gave way. Two simultaneous cracks

were heard; a pair of heels, describing a short curve, flashed through the air, and Peter, with the rapidity of lightning, turned a series of backward somersets from the fire-plug, and went whizzing like a wheel across the street. Now the half-donned boot appeared uppermost, and again his head followed his heels, as if for very rage he was trying to bite the hinder part of his shins, or sought to hide his mortification at his failure, not only by swallowing his boots, but likewise by gobbling up his whole body.

"Why, bless us, Boots!" said the Charley, following him like a boy beating a hoop, "this is what I call rewarsing the order of natur. You travel backerds, and you stop on your noddle. I thought you was trying to go clean through the mud into the middle of next week. An't you most knocked into a cocked hat?"

"Cocked fiddlesticks!" muttered Peter. "Turn us right side up, with care. That's right—cocked hat, indeed! when you can see with half an eye, if you've got as much, it's my boots vot vont go on. A steam-engine—forty horse power—couldn't pull 'em on, if your foot was a thimble and your legs a knitting-needle. Don't you see it was the straps as broke? Not a good watchy!" continued Peter, as he dashed the boots on the pavement, and made a vain attempt to dance on them, and "tread on haughty Spain."

"Well, now, I think I am a good watchy; for I've been watching you and your boots for some time."

"What's a man, if he a'n't got handsome boots; and what's the use of handsome boots, if he a'n't got 'em on? As the English gineral said, what's beauty without bootee, and what's bootee without beauty? Look at them 'are articles—fust I bought 'em, and then I black'd 'em, and now they turn agin me, and bite their best friend, like a wiper. Don't they look as if they ought to be ashamed?"

"Yes, I rather think they do look mean enough."

"Who cares what you think? Have you got a bootjack

in your pocket?—no, not a bootjack—I want a pair of them 'are hook-em-sniveys, vot they uses in the shops. I don't want a pull-offer; I want a pair of pull-oners."

"If you will walk with me, I'll find you a pair of hook-em-sniveys in less than no time."

If you will, I'll go; because I must get my boots on somehow, and hook-em-sniveys will do it if anything will. There's no fun in boots what won't go on; you can't make anything of 'em except old clothes-bags and letter-boxes, and I a'n't got much use for articles of the sort—seeing as how clothes and letters are scarce with me."

"Can't you use ~~them~~ for book-keeping by double-entry? That's the way I do. I put all my cash into one old boot, and all my receipts into the other. That's scientific double-entry simplified—old slippers is the Italian method."

"No, I can't. I does business on the fork-out system. I don't save up, only for boots; and as soon as I gets any money, I speculates right off in something to eat, and lives upon the principal."

Peter gathered up his boots, and half reclining upon the watchman, wended his way to the common receptacle, where, after discovering the trick played upon him, and finding that the "hook-em-sniveys" were not forthcoming, he shared his wrath between the boots which had originally betrayed him, and the individual who had consequently betrayed him. At length,

"Sweet sleep, the wounded bosom healing,"

restored Peter to himself and that just estimate of the fitness of things, which teaches that it is not easy—even for a man who is as sober as a powder-horn—to pull a pair of long boots over another pair, particularly if the latter happen to be wet and muddy. Convinced of this important truth, Peter put his boots under his arm, and departed to get the

straps repaired, and try the efficacy of "hook-em-sniveys" where the law could not interfere.

And such was the close of this remarkable episode in the life of the grim little man and the queer little man, whose monomania had boots for its object.

THE MAN THAT DANCED THE POLKA:

OR, THE OAK AND THE VIOLET.

He danced the polka!

And here, if we were addicted to epigrammatic brevity, our narrative might close, with the short and simple enunciation of a fact which involves the moral of Lankley Towers—all, perhaps, that entitles him to special attention as a subject of biography.

He danced the polka!!

We like this condensation, winding up the virtues of a man, Napoleon-like, into that compactness of parcel which seems to contain much more than volumes. There is a classic nudity about it, scorning the tinsel of pretence; and whether inscribed upon the rolls of fame, or carved upon a tombstone, what could be more likely to arrest attention or to be long remembered, than—

HE DANCED THE POLKA!!!

The effect is obvious. As the ages pass along, there would be pausing on the march, and pondering by the way. Successive centuries must stop—here, over Lankley's "sad remainders"—to wonder at the epitaph. Why was it that he danced the polka?—how was it that he danced the polka?—what is the polka, and who was Lankley? Our era would gain an immortality.

Antiquarian research might show that many danced the polka, at the period referred to; and that an ability to perform the feat was a passport through the world of social life; but nicer observation might detect, that while the many danced the polka, in the thoughtlessness of mere muscular agitation, wiggling hither and wagging thither, without ulte-

rior design, and reversing heel and toe, as Korponay prescribes, with no originality of mind, Lankley Towers availed himself of the polka as an aid to enterprise. To him, the polka was a stratagem—a conspiracy—a *coup d'etat*. His polka had a purpose.

Some men succeed by plodding industry—there are others who make their way, through force of intellect—the whisker and mustache have oft worked wonders; but it was left for Lankley Towers to accomplish all he wished by “a wise and masterly” recourse to the polka. He neither crawled, nor crept, nor rushed, up to the heights of fortune. He danced up, to tunes of Strauss and Jullien, as the army of Italy was animated to the crossing of the Alps by the inspiring strains of the *Marseillaise*.

Not that there was any peculiar physical adaptation in Lankley Towers, leading to brilliant achievements as a carpet knight. Though a gentleman, in the most extended sense of the term—longitudinally, few could measure more in feet and inches—yet he had little pretension to beauty in other respects. He was a man, no doubt, of elevated views, capable of lighting his cigar at the street lamp, and of looking into the windows of the second story. No inquiries could be requisite on any occasion, to ascertain if Mr. Lankley Towers were present; and, in a crowd, he, better than other people, might discover exactly what was the matter. Others may brag of a long line of ancestors—Lankley could boast of being a long line in himself. But he discovered at last, when the cash his father bequeathed to him had melted from his grasp—how incidents of that sort sharpen the philosophy—that a man requires some degree of latitude to live, however upright may be his intentions, and however erect his bearing. And so—

He danced the polka.

“Lankley Towers,” observed his uncle Tobias, when Lankley was in process of paying a domiciliary visit to the

uncle aforesaid, in the vain hope of raising the wind—his uncle, on this fiscal occasion, like a prudent man, as he was, volunteering a monitory check, in the way of advice, instead of a monetary check, in the way of the bank, as Lankley desired—"Lankley Towers, I can not afford to keep you in wind any longer—you are too long in this respect already, and I am getting short. I'm nearly blown myself, by this tightness in the money-market, which has given me a sympathetic constriction in the region of the chest. Financially speaking, I've got the asthma."

"But, uncle, I want some cash so bad."

"To be sure—to want money is always bad; and that is one of the reasons why I won't lend. If you didn't want it so bad, there might be some chance of getting it back. But when people want money bad, as you call it, the whole affair becomes bad. Why don't you do something for yourself?"

"What shall I do?" asked Lankley, mournfully. "I've borrowed from everybody, and don't know how to do anything else."

"Can't you get a situation as a lighthouse? They might whitewash you up, and hang a lamp on your hat—or there's Mr. Morse and his magnetic telegraph—how would you like to be one of the posts, with a wire to your head?"

"Uncle," replied Lankley, in accents of reproach, "don't talk ironically about wires to a fellow's head; and never speak disrespectfully of nature's doings, in regard to the article of legs. If you won't lend me any money, pray have respect for my feelings. I'm sensitive about the legs, especially when my pockets are empty. I never twitted you, uncle, because your legs are mere abridgments of works upon the understanding."

"Well, well; I only desired that you should make yourself useful in one way or in another; and such legs as yours are as good a method of getting along, as any I could think of. If you were to lie down they would make a tolerable railroad. Always trust to your legs, Lankley, since you

have been so extensively favored in this respect. It is more than probable your genius lies in that extraordinary locomotive apparatus—you may as well trust to your legs now—there's no money hereabouts—nothing over to-day, unless it be done over."

"Trust to my legs!" repeated Lankley, as he walked away at the utmost compass, of his stride, so that people looked after him in admiration, as if the "shears" from the navy-yard, or the machinery for raising blocks at the Girard college, had wandered forth to take a walk; "trust to my legs!—many a true word may be spoken in jest—but how to render my legs available? Creditors are troublesome; and there is Texas; but Texas is annexed. Oregon!—bother enough there about parallels, without me and my legs. And besides, what's the use of changing the scene, when the performance will be all the same? If I can't borrow here, how can I borrow anywhere else?"

"Legs!" and Lankley Towers stood still in silent meditation.

In these times of excitement, the very children returning from school will dance the polka—with arms a-kimbo, and with vibrating heads, they skip along the street, singing, "*la, la, riddle, tiddle, right tum, looral—right tum, dight tum, tooral, looral,*" and looking coquettishly, first over one shoulder and then over the other, as they twist themselves into every variety of grotesque form. The polka is everywhere; in highways and in byways; and no wonder that it jostled Lankley Towers, in the midst of his disconsolate reflections. Lankley Towers had himself—and who had not?—shared in the general enthusiasm; and knew somewhat of the mystic dance of the nineteenth century. The instinct of discipline prevailed involuntarily.

"*Right dum, dight tum—tooral, looral,*" sang Lankley Towers, casting himself rapidly into a series of attitudes. The people laughed, and the little dogs barked.

But with Lankley it was a moment of inspiration. The

flint and steel, dissevered, each lie in icy coldness. No flash of fire appears; and thus may our genius slumber, like the flint or like the steel, until some happy contact wakes the sheeted flame. A falling pippin—or was it the dandy-gray-russet?—hit Newton on the head, and aroused him to a knowledge of nature's choicest secrets—a knock, we doubt not, that led to the after scourging of the schools, that sluggish intellect might be similarly enlivened. Why not throw apples now at pupils' heads?—for just such an apple to the head of Lankley Towers, was the accidental polka of the street striking upon his uncle's parting words—"Trust to your legs."

"I will," said Lankley; and, with a firm resolve, he hastened home, to dress for a polka party, at Muscovado's.

It was a brilliant scene—beauty was there—whisker, imperial, mustache, goatee—all thronged at Muscovado's. But Lankley heeded not—looming over all, his eyes were ever downward bent—for Celestina Muscovado—the heiress to more thousands than our arithmetic dare calculate—was the antipodes of Lankley—a condensation of all excellence; and it was she that Lankley sought.

Relatively, Celestina Muscovado was like the church, while Lankley spired and steepled at her side—one might almost hear the bells a ringing in his head; and as you travelled by, it was no more than natural to give an upward glance, to see the clock and learn the time of day. When "timorous accent and dire yell," proclaimed a conflagration, it was common to call up to Lankley to ask in what direction lay the fire. But Miss Celestina Muscovado, though a person of considerable weight in the world, took a different direction, preferring breadth to altitude; and she became the *beau ideal* of the "roly-poly" style of feminine loveliness. No wonder, then, she looked with favor upon Lankley Towers—no wonder, then, he took the hint.

"There is no grace or beauty," whispered he, "in these

Patagonian girls—grenadiers—fit only to reach things from a top-shelf."

"Why, yes, Mr. Towers," blushing said Miss Celestina Muscovado, "a lady may be too tall."

"A great deal too tall, Miss Muscovado—horrid tall, too many of them. I never could admire this wire-drawn attenuation in a woman. Give me the stature of a sylph—a fairy—rounded into grace and comfort—divinely human—humanly divine."

"Certainly," simpered Celestina Muscovado; "a lady may be too meager, as well as too tall."

"Both are common faults; and with my susceptibility to the truly beautiful—ah, Miss Muscovado, my susceptibility—my capacity to love and to admire—is intense—it's awful—with my susceptibility, then, I seldom go out into the world—it shocks me so—I am happy only at friend Muscovado's. Here only is my soul content."

"Fie, Mr. Lankley Towers! A'n't you 'shamed-?" and Miss Celestina Muscovado tapped him with her fan.

Lankley had touched the proper chord. The response was as he wished; and, like the celebrated Mr. Brown, it was not in his nature to "give it up so." He proceeded upon the Brunonian theory of perseverance; and displayed his knowledge of human nature by proving a practical acquaintance with the fact that, next to ourselves, we admire and love the opposite to ourselves.

"Such pigmy little fellows!" murmured Towers, in disdain, drawing up to such a height that Miss Celestina Muscovado could scarcely see his countenance. "Most men are so diminutive now-a-days—nothing heroic or magnificent about them. If there's anything I do despise, it is these little men."

"They ought always to be tall—I doat on a tall gentleman," said Miss Muscovado, impulsively, but checking herself with bewitching confusion.

"Such a lovely contrast it makes, Miss Muscovado—the

lordly and majestic oak—man—reaching almost to the skies; and the modest violet—woman—finding peace, happiness, and joy, beneath his shelter and protection. But now, woman is the oak; and man is a saucy little ‘johnny jump-up’ at her feet. There is a very small quantity of the true poetics to be met with in these degenerate days, Miss Muscovado:” and Lankley looked down, as it were, from the garret-window of his elevation, upon Miss Muscovado in the “airey.”

“Oh, Mr. Towers!”

“Ah, Miss Celestina!”

What a moment—no “tirkle”⁴ doves were ever happier. Let us not interrupt a silence so eloquent.

“Just observe, Miss Muscovado,” at length whispered Lankley, recovering from the abstraction, with a sigh of tenderness; “look at those little men and monstrous women dancing in the polka. Where, where, I ask you, in this gay assemblage, do we behold a picture of what should be?—where is the oak, and where the violet?”

“Not there—not there!” and Miss Celestina Muscovado buried the light of her countenance in the most gossamer of all pocket-handkerchiefs.

Lankley Towers felt convinced that his genius had been developed, and that it must prevail.

The oak and the violet were seen dancing together at intervals throughout the evening; and when they were not dancing, they retired into the recesses of a window, engaged in earnest discoursings, which it is not for us to betray to the gossiping ear of the public. Their conduct, however, did not escape from observation, for Miss Celestina Muscovado was an envied prize.

“I say, Ned, do you see,” remarked a very little dandy, with more of whisker to his countenance than his physical frame appeared calculated to sustain—“do you see how that lightning-rod fellow, Lankley Towers, is flirting with Celes-

tina?—'bominable, isn't it?—such an ugly rascal, too—she won't listen to me at all. What taste!—I'll try a little more chicken salad."

"When I asked her to dance, she said she was engaged—engaged every set. I've half a mind to affront him; and I will, after I have some terrapin—there's terrapin, I hope—and a glass or two of champagne," observed Ned.

"Lankley Towers is after the spoons," growled another of the great rebuffed, who being after the "spoons" himself, was, therefore, a good judge of motive in the case; "and if there's any whiskey-punch—punch soothes one's feelings so—I'll go and tell old Muscovado that fortune-hunters are about."

"He knows that already," muttered somebody else, who had been rejected on the same score by the Muscovado family; and he consoled himself with a little brandy and water, as the best tonic in his peculiar emergency. "What will you get by telling? Better make a bargain with Lankley Towers, and help him off with Celestina, for a per-centage on the profits of the speculation."

Thus all was excitement at Muscovado's polka party. Everybody about the room was talking of Lankley Towers's unblushing impudence in thus openly aspiring to the hand of Miss Celestina Muscovado; and when they danced, everybody scrambled to witness the performance and to sneer at the happy man. The little dandy, in his ocean of whisker, stood in gloom, with folded arms, having a sensation which is peculiar in such cases, and is known in surgery as the dislocation of the nose. Ned actually jumped upon a waiter to obtain a better view of that which wrung his heart; while old Muscovado shook his head in vain. The oak and the violet had a harmony that nothing could derange. The sneers of the gentlemen at Lankley Towers, and the tittering of the ladies at Celestina Muscovado, fell harmlessly around that happy pair.

"Tell Celestina—Miss Muscovado"—for the old gentleman piqued himself upon preserving the dignities and proprieties before the servants—we should like to see you slap him on the back and call him "Bob," as you do some people—"tell my daughter that breakfast waits," said paternity, as it sat revolving the costs and meditating on the annoyances of the preceding night.

But Miss Muscovado, as Miss Muscovado, was no longer in existence. Instead of retiring to her chamber at the conclusion of the polka party, she had merely stolen up stairs for an apparel suitable to the occasion, and had escaped to somebody else's cab, where our tall friend awaited her arrival; and in a very brief space of time she had been metamorphosed into Mrs. Lankley Towers, thus realizing the allegory of the oak and the violet. Muscovado, notwithstanding the sweetness of his name, became greatly acidulated—sharp to a degree—he jumped about the room and dashed his wig into the fire—he whirled a teapot through the looking-glass. He swore he never could, and never would, and never should, forgive his short daughter with that endless husband; but, alas, he had no daughter but Mrs. Lankley Towers, and who else could supervise the house?

Before many months had elapsed, old Muscovado, at his own fireside, was stumbling over a pair of illimitable legs, which had gained fame and fortune for their owner, and had enabled him to "marry in" and "hang up his hat" in the quietude of domestic felicity. Not a care wrinkled the happy front of the fortunate possessor of these far-reaching limbs. They were needed no longer—if they could be longer—to carry him about to borrow from his friends; for Muscovado footed all the bills, and the proprietor thereof took upon himself no heed either of to-day or to-morrow. Who was this lucky one, do you ask?—why, who but he that took his uncle's advice and "trusted to his legs?"—who could it be but—

PERRY WINKLE:

OR, "JUST WHAT I EXPECTED."

MR. PERRY WINKLE has one advantage—though it is rather of a melancholy description—over the rest of the world; and his superiority in this respect, as there are but few who can claim to be largely distinguished from the mass of men by a feature which may be called decidedly their own, entitles him to be looked upon as a hero, and to have things written about him. Perry Winkle does not follow in the beaten track, like a horse in a mill. He has an idea or two completely to himself; and he diverges from the macadamized ways of other people, to make a detour through the grass. This singularity, even if it be presumed that, with the unconsciousness which is an attribute to genius, he is not aware of the fact, must be regarded as a great happiness in Perry Winkle. It may chance to send him down embalmed to future ages; and it can not be otherwise than a source of comfort to departed Perry Winkles, to have the name remembered when its owner is gone. The consideration is one for which multitudes freely render up their lives, often without obtaining it; and a single posthumous puff from the tin trumpet of chubby-cheeked fame, is thought to be a solid equivalent for any amount of sacrifice. To Perry Winkle, however, it will be an involuntary offering. He seeks not the bubble reputation, and it is probable that his indifference on this score will secure to him a prize for which others toil in vain.

But it must be confessed, that Perry Winkle's claim to notice is rather moral and metaphysical, than of that active



Perry Winkle ; or, "Just what I expected."

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nature which is the more easily recognised. He has not **been** in battles, and he never so much as tried to kill people; he would scarcely have been distinguished as a soldier. A gun, particularly when the muzzle is grinning toward his person, excites no pleasurable emotions in Perry Winkle. He has an aversion to cold steel, and finds no music in the report of firearms.

What, then, is this strange characteristic which is so much enlarged upon, as rendering Perry Winkle a person in whose presence we should instinctively and respectfully take off our hats? If Perry Winkle is notable mainly for doing nothing, what did he do to achieve his greatness?

Perry Winkle *thinks*. He ruminates, cogitates, meditates, contemplates, speculates, hesitates, and vegetates. Perry muses. There are nine muses already; but Perry increases the number to ten.

Doing is one thing; and, as the world is constituted, doing is a useful thing enough in its way. It would be improper to speak of it in terms of disparagement. We often find it obligatory to be doing. But yet, this "to do"—the "greatest to do" that can possibly occur—what is it in qualities of the true sublime, compared to that unseen and mysterious process which is known as thinking? There is force in thinking.

Some people think all the hair off their heads. Shakspeare and Julius Cesar were bald, as if the brain, like physical labor, works better without its jacket, and is never free in its energies and unembarrassed in its operations until it strips to the task. But without fully developing this idea, which no doubt will at some future day lead to important results, as regards the intellectual constitution of man, let it now be remarked, that it is wrong to reprove people for seeming to do nothing. There may be much of wisdom in the twiddling of thumbs. Who knows what a vast amount of thought may be performed when the individual appears only to whittle a stick?—It was so with Perry Winkle. He is always think-

ing, and is remarkable, among other remarkabilities, for the very little he can contrive to do, which augurs greatness with the certainty of a gimlet, though citizens of the more worldly cast regard it as a bore.

And though Perry Winkle may in strictness be said to think for himself, he is not of an exclusive nature, and frequently thinks for other people, without standing on ceremony, or waiting to be asked; and it is his constitutional point, as well as his characteristic trait, never to anticipate anything but disaster. In this way, though he can not be spoken of as exempt from calamity, he certainly does contrive to escape from the disappointments which cast a shadow over the lives of the most fortunate. Contrary to the practices of a sanguine people, mischance with Perry is the rule, while success forms the exception; and his predictions are so often verified by the result—he made a great hit at the time “*morus multicaulis*” was in fashion—that he almost regards himself, to this extent at least, as gifted with a species of second-sight, and as nearly equal to the “seventh son of a seventh son,” which he would doubtless have been, if his father and himself could each have had six elder brothers. It is indeed true that his forebodings are precisely the same in all cases. Whatever he attempts, or whatever other folks may chance to do, Mr. Perry Winkle anticipates the worst; and his sagacity is more frequently vindicated by the event than is usual with those who seek to peer into futurity. When enterprises are embarked in, Perry Winkle indicates a shipwreck. When neighbors are sick, Perry Winkle is beforehand with the doctor in assurances that they can not recover; and when the vessel is on the breakers, or the voice of mourning is heard, can any one deny that Perry Winkle was right? When he was the smallest slip of a boy, did he not say he was sure the rope of a swing would break; and did it not break, to the essential damage of Perry’s bones?—didn’t he know it would be so? How often has he shrieked to children as they climbed the fence or projected

themselves from windows, that they would surely fall ; and did they not fall as soon as the startling announcement reached their ears ? No wonder Perry Winkle looks upon himself as one as prophetically gifted as the famed Cassandra ; and, happier than the croaking Trojan lady, he is presumed to derive a certain degree of pleasure from the fulfilment of his melancholy vocation.

Others, perhaps, may find it difficult to realize Perry Winkle's satisfactions ; but they are real to him, even if incomprehensible to them. For instance—when the boat was capsized by a flaw of wind, and the cold and dripping Perry Winkle was fished up inanimate from the bottom of the river, ordinary individuals in his extremity, would have been quite unable to extract agreeable emotions from such a catastrophe. Still less could they imagine how joy was to be deduced from it, when the humane but unskilful rescue, hoisted the water-logged Perry Winkle up by the heels, as if he were to be put to dry, like a herring. Nor would they have been a whit the more successful in ascertaining the comfort of it, when the exhausted man was rolled about bumpingly, upon a barrel, to wake up by rude knockings any remnant of life that might still reside within him.

It was a rough method of resuscitation. In the opinion of those who are large in their experiences, and have tried this species of entertainment in addition to their other sports, it is considerably worse in itself, than the preliminary act of being drowned, which no one yet has ventured to set down as altogether funny. But the first gleam of consciousness was a ray of sunshine to Perry Winkle ; not because he had been restored to existence—Perry Winkle is rather indifferent than otherwise on that score, considering it a little unworthy of the true philosopher to have “vitativeness large”—but because it illustrated an idea. It could not be denied that the shakes and bruises to which he had been so remorselessly subjected were vexatious, pain being a downright evil, as every one who has had a chance to know, must be aware.

The clustering embellishments of his craniology—for Perry had not then thought much of his hair off—had been not a little diminished, leaving grievous reminiscences behind, by the boat-hook and other means resorted to for the purpose of drawing him from the bosom of the deep. His cuticle exhibited many fractures, as distressing to look upon as they were doleful to endure; and he was half-smothered, besides, by the curious crowd of idlers on the wharf, who were studying the curative art upon his proper corporation, and were trying a vast detail of experiment on his personal identity. After they had held him up manually by the heels, and were somewhat pleased with the antipodean spectacle, they protracted their recreation more at leisure by using a block and tackle with the same object, as if it were intended to flay the victim; so that when Perry snapped his eyes for the first time, he thought, naturally enough, that he had got to another world, where our order of things is reversed, and where “topsy-turvy” is the habitual practice; or that he had floated off to the cannibals, and was now being “dressed for dinner,” not where he eats, but where he is eaten. And to be bundled hither and yon upon a barrel, which could not be described as travelling upon springs, let those do so who like it. Perry Winkle is not of their sort.

But he had other sufferings to undergo. There was one man who thought that he had a specific for bringing the dead to life, by the application of Scotch snuff; and Perry Winkle’s reluctant nose received a liberal supply, it being supposed that such an appeal to his senses was not to be resisted by any one who intended to oblige his friends by revisiting the glimpses of the moon. To be sure, it was immediately declared, when his nose spiritedly resented the insult, that he was coming to, on the ground that “he sneezed fust rate,” as any nose having pretensions to vitality would have done when thus assailed; but whatever of delectation might have been found in a “fust-rate sneeze” under such circumstances, we do not, for our own part, believe that it

was enhanced by the renewed application which it induced, under the popular impression that if a little is good, a great deal more must be better; until, in despite of his earnest, but inarticulate remonstrances, Perry Winkle's weeping eyes were as full of the pungent preparation as his persecuted proboscis, and until the hapless man, whom water had spared, was in no little danger of being snuffed out like a farthing rushlight, escaping from Neptune to perish under the auspices of that sternutatory divinity who, in Highland garb, figures at the door of the tobacconist. Perry Winkle was never good "at a pinch."

Nor was it an exquisite delight, in addition, to be fumigated freely with the worst kind of "long nine," by that party of practitioners who held it as a cardinal maxim, that one's chances of existence are to be estimated by the vigor with which he may be provoked to cough. And then, again, the spirits which were forced down his throat to "warm him up," were rather remarkable for strength than for flavor, and excoriated as they went. It was not enough that Perry Winkle had been drowned and had been compelled to take the trouble to come to life, without the slightest regard to his own personal views upon a matter which so nearly concerned him—for he might have preferred, had he known all that was in waiting for him, to have continued as he was and where he was, among the little fishes, to be nibbled quietly; but he had likewise the task imposed upon him, to get well of his doctors—to patronize the Balm of Columbia, that his hair might grow anew—to recover from the effects, not only of his suspended animation, but likewise of his suspended body, which had been hung contrary to the manner congenial to bodies, and had a right, therefore, to be indignant—to forget his unwilling ride upon a barrel, to which he had been compelled, as if he were qualified for the work, like a bandy Bacchus, or had been formally sentenced to be broken upon the wheel—to be oblivious moreover, of snuff, cigars, and spirits, which, pleasant

sins though they be to some among the human family, are not to be considered as temptations, when used upon the individual remedially and *nolens volens*.

Who, let us ask again, after so many miles of parenthesis, would have been gratified, like Perry Winkle—not that he was still in positive existence—there are people to be met with who, though neither useful nor ornamental, could contrive to be pleased at that—but because his own lugubrious predictions had been verified?

“Atchee!” sneezed Perry, as he sat upon the barrel—“atchee!—stop off the snuff to this ’ere injine—every man smoke himself. I tell you—you—sir, with cigars at a cent a grab, and a hatful for a thank’ee, I’m not the glass works, all chimbley. Am I drowned, or am I not?—quit punching me in the ribs, and don’t blow them bellowses down my throat any more. I’ve got breath enough already to last a week, and you can’t blow a man any more alive than he’s got room for. Am I still in the United States of Amerekey, agoing to the election, or have I lost my vote and gone somewheres else by water? Am I defunct?—hat’s the question, Mr. Cheerman.”

On being furnished with all the information he required, Perry Winkle indulged in that creaking and rather sinister apology for a laugh, which is habitual to him. It is his idiosyncratic laugh. One can always tell when Winkle laughs, that a disaster has occurred. Mischief is at hand—mischief which Perry had foretold.

Perry Winkle only laughs when other people would cry. His mother took it for granted, when that sound was heard, that something had been broken. It invariably indicated that a screw was loose. Perry Winkle laughed o’ this fashion, when Dobbin threw him over the fence. He looked up and laughed in Dobbin’s face, because he had said, when his father placed him on the horse’s back, that he knew he would get a tumble, and he did—just as he expected. Perry Winkle’s laughs are mainly of that kind

which are said to be produced "on the wrong side of the mouth." He constructs them there.

"Hee! haugh! heugh!" laughed Perry, with a groaning sound; "I was just as sure this would happen jist so, as I am that I got up this morning. I'll leave it to old Tarpaul himself, if I didn't say his hulk of a boat would never do with its new sail—didn't I say she was too crank, with a great shot-tower of a mast—didn't I say that the first puff of wind would make his six-acre lot of a mainsail pull us right over; and weren't we upsot beautiful in less than half an hour? He wanted to shorten sail; but I wouldn't let him alter his stupid arrangements, and made him keep 'em as they were, so we could see who was right and who knowed best. He! he! who-o-o!" and Perry groaned again. "Didn't I tell 'em all we'd soon be down to David Joneses, riding sturgeons and chasing catfish, if things were kept so, and didn't I make the fellows keep 'em so, because they snickered and said I was a loblolly know-nothing? And then—smack!—didn't the breeze come, turning us head over heels, and this side up with care, in less than half a jiffy? I told you how it would be, said this little gentleman, as we went ca-splash into the water. Fool who, said I, about working a sailboat? I haven't had such a laugh for a year, and I wouldn't be done laughing yet if Tarpaul had not tuck me by the legs and pulled me right under water. Water sort of spoils jokes—spoils them tee-totally, as a body may say, when it's mixed more than half and half. Fishes can't have much fun, seeing that water is put into everything they've got."

And Perry continued to chuckle and to groan alternately, until at last he fell back exhausted, as he muttered, "I told them so—I know'd exactly how it would be. If we had all been drowned, it would have been no more than right. Who asked these people to hook me out? But perhaps it's just as well, if somebody else has gone to Joneses—not that I wish them bad luck, but because I know'd how it would be."

Assurances being given, however, that his companions were also safe, Perry said: "Well, there's some consolation yet—how old Tar-paul, and Ned, and Dick, and the rest, will try to sneak round the corner when they see this child a-coming up the street with his mouth wide open, to ask 'em who it was that know'd best about that boat of theirs. Pretty fellows, to be sure, to take a man out sailing and treat him to a capsize!—I'll make 'em confess that if it hadn't been for me, not one of 'em would be here now; and I almost wish I hadn't come to life, so I might tell everybody whose fault it was that Perry Winkle had been brought to an untimely end, in the very flower of his youth and beauty. They'd never have heard the last of it."

It will thus be seen that Perry Winkle is deficient in that joyous and buoyant trait of character which is classified by the phrenologists under the name of "hope," and which forms, not only the mainspring of enterprise, but likewise constitutes the chief charm of existence. The Perry Winkles are not at all given to hopefulness. Even when the sun sets, they are not quite sure that he purposes to rise again; or are at least doubtful whether they will be in a condition to witness the spectacle. Perry has no pleasurable anticipations. His hopes, if he may be represented as having any, are rather of the funereal cast—hopes with crape round their hats and white handkerchiefs to their eyes—hopes for the worst. No matter how gay the vista may seem to the ordinary spectator, Perry Winkle always contrives to discover the coroner, with an inquest, sitting at the other end of it, busily engaged in finding a verdict. Shaking his head in advance, Perry "knew how it would be—didn't he tell 'em so?"

It was a peculiarity of the earliest development. When Perry Winkle filled a smaller space in society, being rather a bud than a rose—before he became a full-grown tulip—it was his chance sometimes to be sent for what, in the vernacular of Philadelphia, is called, elegantly enough, a "pen-

neth of milk," to enable the elderly Winkles to take their tea, as Winkles often do. In such cases, it generally happened that a doleful plaint was soon to be heard at the door of the paternal mansion. Perry Winkle had returned in tears—Macbeth had but a barren sceptre in his gripe, notwithstanding the fuss he made to obtain it; and in Perry Winkle's grasp there was no other image of authority than the handle of the jug. The cunning fiend had juggled with him as well as with the king of Scotland. But the unfortunate youth had so much of an advantage that he, even at that early period of his existence, "know'd how it would be, if they would send him over there by that big dog"—though, perhaps, it was not so much the fault of the "big dog" himself that the calamity so invariably occurred, as it was attributable to the little Perry's own conduct, as he stood in his worn cap and dilapidated check apron, gazing fearfully at the "big dog" *couchant* on his master's step—now making an imperfect attempt to run past, and then retreating with a doubtful heart—again saying "get out," before the "big dog" had stirred, and shaking the aforesaid apron to alarm the canine dignitary. It was scarcely an erroneous conclusion on the part of the "big dog," lazily inclined as he for the most part was, and as big dogs, thus distinguished from nervous and petulant little dogs, are apt to be, to imagine that something of an active nature was expected of him. Under this belief, the "big dog" would rise to his feet, and as Perry Winkle then shrieked and ran away, the "big dog" would briskly follow after and tear, not his own trowsers, but those of Perry Winkle—not so much in wrath, as under the impulse of a sense of duty. The "big dog" thought himself invited to do so—he no doubt regarded himself as conferring a favor when he did so. And as Perry Winkle made it a practice to drop the entire jug as he fled, and only to pick up the handle thereof, the "big dog" regarded this feat as included in the performance, and looked upon it as necessary on his part to continue tearing the trowsers until the jug operation was completed;

after which he returned, with no little of self-satisfaction in his air, to the original door-step.

Dogs, like men, are under the influence of public opinion. If they are treated as if they were expected to bite, they will often act up to the reputation—good or bad, as it may chance to be—which has been made for them in advance. It may, however, not be amiss to intimate that, as Perry always contrived to come home without the penny, as well as being minus in regard to the jug, a suspicion was afloat that he labored a little to fulfil his own predictions as to how it “would be,” and that, having previously expended the coined money in the purchase of dainties, he put himself in the “big dog’s” way to secure an excuse. But of this no certain assurances are to be obtained. It is certain, at least, that the dog was not in the secret, and Perry keeps his own counsel.

At school, too—for Perry Winkle had been at school for a time, and knew nearly as much when he came away as he did when he went—he seldom had the pleasure of an acquaintance with his lessons, though he always “know’d how it would be,” when appealed to by the rattan on the subject of extending his knowledge. “Jist what I expected,” Perry would declare; “I couldn’t say one word of it when master called me up—not a single word—and I know’d exactly how it would be, before I tried. It’s always so; and it’s no use sending me to school for the old man to cure his dyspepsy by dusting my jacket. He says it’s all for my own good! Pretty good, I don’t think! It hurts him more than it does me, hey? Then why don’t he hand over the rattan, and take a regular lambasting himself? I’d larrup him all day, and never charge nothing for the job—I’ll thank him for it some day, will I?—jist wait till I’m grow’d up, and ketch him out by Fairmount or somewheres—that’s all.”

Perry played truant, and when detected, said he “know’d exactly how it would be—he couldn’t get to school, if he tried ever so hard;” and his academic experiences were brought

to a close before he had "completed his education" and learned everything up. A star went out at that time.

Perry Winkle, then, is not the possessor of those faculties which enable men to advance themselves in the world. He contemplates disaster from the outset, and gives himself a moral defeat before he has entered upon the action. And hence his career through life, so far as his disposition to hold back can be called a career, is a series of mishaps. Being always satisfied that the undertaking will prove unfortunate, and pursuing it, or rather lagging after it, in such a spirit, he probably contributes not a little to the fulfilment of his own predictions. All that has sustained him is, as before hinted, the enjoyment which he derives from being a true prophet.

Although Mr. Winkle has, in his time, had many situations which were desirable enough, yet he continued to "know how it would be," and never failed to be turned out of employment. "Jist as he expected," he never got from his bed in time to open the store. He "know'd he would forget to lock the door," and thieves carried off the goods. He "know'd he would never remember to take home the parcels," and customers were indignant. When he had a little shop of his own, and affairs promised well enough, he would fasten the front-entrance, and go round to the tavern to prophesy about matters and things in general; and even then he "know'd exactly how it would be," and that people always would keep a coming to the shop when he was not there. And finally, when he was sold out by Venditioni Exponas, or some other gentleman of the same unceremonious family, Perry Winkle sat upon the counter drumming with his heels, and remarking to his sympathizing companions, as they crowded in upon receipt of the news, "well, it's jist what I always expected—it's my luck—it has to be so. Didn't I tell you that I'd bust up some day or other, and hasn't it come true, exactly as I said it would? I'll leave it to any man here whether I didn't say so; and here

is old Venditioni Exponas, to prove that I'm never mistaken. Somebody ought to treat—sorrow's dry."

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Perry Winkle," responded old Venditioni Exponas, putting his great white hat more firmly on his head, and knocking the ivory tip of his big stick with emphasis upon the counter: "I'll tell you exactly how it is, and then you may look upon yourself as having learned something at last. This way you have got of knowing how things will be, is the very reason why they come to be so. If you won't get off the track when the locomotive's coming, anybody might know how it will be. You must take the trouble to jump out of the way, or you'll be run over. Stir your stumps—that's the doctrine. A good many curious concerns have been invented, but there's no machine yet to take care of people. They have to do it for themselves. Steam is marvellous, and clock-works are surprising—start 'em and they'll go—wind 'em up and they'll run—and you can either turn in to sleep, or step out to see the soldiers. But self-keeping shops have not been discovered. Can a steam-engine fork over the change for a five-dollar note?—can it measure off goods, hand a chair to the ladies, make a bow, or say thank'ee, ma'am? No—you must mind your shop yourself, if you want your shop to mind you. A shop is more jealous than a sweetheart—you must keep paying it attention all the time, studdy."

"I know'd it would be so," observed Perry Winkle, as Mr. Exponas turned indignantly away, to make an inventory of the goods; "it's jist what I expected—constables is sassy, always. They think that people's things are only made to be seized and sold out, and that human natur' was sent down here jist to have writs served upon it, or to be tuck up for debts and assault and battery. But it's no more than what I expected—and I knew it was my fate some time or other to be bully-ragg'd in the legal way. When they built the debtor's apartment, they had me in their eyes."

THE MORAL OF GOSLYNE GREENE :

WHO WAS BORN TO A FORTUNE.

THAT man is a moral.

He is historically complete—a hero who has achieved his climax and has survived his catastrophe—one of those luckless wights who outlive themselves, and tarry on the stage when their drama is over, posthumous to the action of the piece. Nothing can be more poetically ungraceful than to exist too long, and to go slouching down the world on the wrong side of your crisis, like the stupid stalk of an exploded rocket.

To be a moral—

Morals, in their plurality of number, are entitled to respect; but make it, gentle reader, ambitious though you chance to be, a matter both of solicitude and solicitation, that you may never, in the singular point of view, obtain the sad pre-eminence of being elevated to the rank of a moral, to be stuck with a pin upon a card in the cabinet of ethical entomology, as a theme for lectures. The moral deducible from one's own experiences, is in some sort antagonistical to himself. It rises at the other end of the plank, and soars to importance as a text, just as he declines from the equipoise of a true balance. When, for instance, we are in the mire, our moral is at its superlative height of interest; and, generally speaking, the individual is capable of affording the most impressive moral when his morals are in their extreme state of dilapidation. It is too much to ask, even of a philanthropist, that he should himself be a moral; but, luckily,

there are volunteers enough to supply the demand. As we said before—

That man is a moral.

You may see it in the sad dejection of his visage—in his pallid cheek and in his vacant aspect. There is also that indescribable air of shabby gentility in his well-worn garments, which belongs almost exclusively to the man who is a moral, had we no manifestation in his habitual deportment that he has done with ambition and has parted with his hope. He moves, as it were, in solitude, though bustling crowds may throng the street. Amid the din of business or the hum of pleasure, there seems to be a circlet of silence about him; and people unconsciously feel it as he approaches, that this man is a moral. They have at once an inclination to sympathize with him, they can not tell why, and yet to avoid him, they know not wherefore. Faces lengthen as he comes, and there is a passing chill in the atmosphere. The very children are disposed to circumnavigate him, by a detour to the right or left, as if they were aware that a lesson, and a lesson somewhat of the hardest, is before them. There is no mistaking the fact. A broken spirit buttons to the chin, Misanthropy, even if it is fortunate enough to possess the article, displays no collar to its shirt; for what cares it for vanity? And the man who has no expectation to feed his energies, indicates forlornness by a gloomy slant of the hat, that he may see and not be seen, knowing that it is by the eyes alone we learn aught of each other, and that if they be shaded from the view, we are isolated and apart. We can not err. He who loiters in the highways when others hurry by—he who reposes in public squares when nothing else is there but a truant dog or two in races through the grass, must be a moral, a completed moral—a deduction and an inference from the aggregate of active humanity, to be read and pondered over at the close of the fable. He is something that was—something which now only appears to be.

But why was he—why was Goslyne Greene—for it is of him we speak—why was this man, loaded with a moral? why is it his hard fate to be a locomotive homily and a perambulating sermon? For no other reason, than that it was his mishap to begin at the wrong end of existence, and to construct his story downward.

Yes, it is indeed a terrible thing—we dread to mention it—the pen falters as we write the fearful words, and we look round with apprehension lest others may be involved in the same awful concatenation of circumstances; but still, cheered by the fact that such shocking calamities do not often happen, and that, on this favored side of the Atlantic at least, the course of events contributes to preserve the human race from being thus oppressed, we summon up courage to announce the fact, that it was the unutterable wo of Goslyne Greene—poor unoffending infant—to be born to a fortune!—that it was his disaster to come into the world as heir to cash, to stocks, to bond and mortgage, to real estate—to money in hand, to dividends, to interests, and to rents. He cried—afflicted child—when he was thus inauspiciously ushered into life, and for several days, and nights too, if tradition is to be credited, he continued to upraise his tiny and inarticulate voice, as if in remonstrance at the wrong which had been done to him. Nay, he was long a wailing babe, pained in anticipation by his melancholy moral. “Good gracious,” exclaimed the nurse, “what ails the boy!” and the choicest drugs that chymic art could offer, went soothingly down his vocal throat, but without affecting the pacification of Goslyne Greene. It was not physical, but metaphysical, aid that he needed, and Mrs. Jones was incapable of the ministration.

Unhappy Goslyne Greene!—and yet his mother received visits of congratulation, and people shook his father by the hand. There were rejoicings in the mansion. Matrons and maids strove gleefully to welcome the little stranger; and every one who gazed upon him, endeavored by the

force of imagination to discover family resemblances in his own undeveloped features, or at least likeness in the familiar ugliness. For Thomas was a lover & a father—the image of his “*he*”—a counterpart of “*he*.” The philanthropist possessed genius, and there was reason to apprehend, it might, that Thomas would no longer have the monopoly of being “*unfortunate*,” and that the lover would be set on fire at last through the gate of his true home. But while, in this respect, he may shared the common lot—for we are all privileged in the world—and Gaele had been upon his way and never so much with singular allusion. Born in a burning European measure—Why did he thus waste up his young man and wear with painful agonies? The more he was asked, the more he was answered, the more he was answered and frustrated, the more eagerly did he ask and listen. It may be that his unrequited perceptions saw little else than their irony in the flattering compliments that were bestowed upon him, and could discover small reason for being glad that another sufferer had been added to the roll, for the benefit mainly of the tailor, the physician, and the undertaker, which, it is to be presumed, is the pathology of our indignant regard at the commencement of this solitary career.

Further, what had Gaele done to be thus doomed to a *fortune*? He appeared to have as much intellect as other laborers. His voice was as strong—his back as straight—his legs and arms as capable as theirs; and yet he was to be denied the natural and lawful use of his gifts and faculties. No wonder his cries were unremitting, and that his wrath rose as the state of the case was made obvious by the thronging of his courtiers.

In truth, Gaele Greene was himself not at all to blame in the premises. His father had toiled with but a single hope that his son might be born to a fortune; and that hope had been accomplished, as hopes sometimes are, to prove perhaps that the success of our wishes is not always the

most desirable thing that could happen to us. "Goslyne will be rich, any how," said the old gentleman, in the midst of his labors, as if he found consolation in the fact, and as if he had thus secured his son's welfare and happiness beyond the reach of doubt.

The majority of the world will probably agree in opinion with the elder Mr. Greene; for it is the popular sentiment that the fact of being rich, and not the process of getting rich, is the happiness. But, in this case, and probably in many others, the reverse was the truth. The father had a pleasant life enough under the influence of an absorbing object, while the son is a man with a moral; and it may be that people are often overruled in this matter, for the advantage of posterity. Who knows but that the follies and extravagances of those who have either the command of wealth or the prospect of it—their speculations and their splendors—their "operations" and their magnificence—are, after all, but an element in the plan of wisdom, intended at intervals to afford a new impulse by a reduction to the primitive, healthful, and energetic state of having more wants and wishes than we have the means to supply? A dabble in the stocks does not always turn out profitably; cotton sometimes is heavy on our hands, and real estate will sulkily retrograde, when, by the calculation, it ought to have advanced. But are we sure that such events are a visitation of unmitigated disaster? May not that dusky spectre, a dun, "hated of gods and men," whose portentous tap causes the heart to quake and the pocket to quiver, have a mission of far greater importance than to make the mere demand for money? Superficially considered, it was a sad business when *morus multicaulis* toppled from its airy height, and brought so many to the earth along with it. To find one's fifty-dollar twigs suddenly reduced to the level of sixpenny switches, is by no means a pleasant waking from golden dreams; and to decline from the damask luxury of a chariot to plain pedestrianism, is a sinking in poetry which affects

the mind by the force of contrast. People, for the most part, are not pleased with changes of so violent a character, and have a decided aversion to the downward movement, whatever they may have done to render it indispensable. And yet reverses are often medicinal. There is much of virtue in an alternative. The necessity for walking, which is thus imposed, may be the only prescription to bring the mind and body back to their native vigor. Both are liable to be invaded by an apoplectic pursiness, which demands severe training to preserve us from lethargy, and to afford room for the salutary play of our faculties. The spirit, like the corporeal fabric in which it is enclosed, is exposed to the danger of growing rotund, asthmatic, indolent, and unwieldy; and perchance, even as regards those for whom we labor, if our vision were keen enough to embrace the whole scheme of this earthly struggle, we might be induced to look upon a financial catastrophe now and then, as a providential interference, and to rejoice over the enlivening incident of being ruined occasionally, as if it were a capital prize in the lottery of adventure—like a shower-bath—a sharp shock to the nerves; but, in its reaction, exceedingly tonic and refreshing.

The elder Mr. Greene, however, was rather of a practical cast than of a meditative nature, content in the outward seeming of things without cracking for the kernel; and it is not at all likely that he would have credited it, even if you had told him so, that the primitive Goslyne is the safest bird, and that, when it is compelled to nibble over a somewhat arid common for a living, the position is better than if the nutriment were gathered to its neb. Observe, now, when a man's pockets are stimulantly vacant—when a new coat is rather an abstract idea than a palpable presence—when the pleasure of having a good dinner to-day, is enhanced by a small and appetizing degree of doubt as to the nature of the viands which will grace his board to-morrow, what a quick, lively, interesting little creature he becomes. How

his manners are improved ; how his temper is ameliorated ; how all sorts of morbidities and misanthropies are shaken to the winds, as too expensive for indulgence, and how evil habit is dispensed with until the purse may admit of such gentlemanlike recreations ; while, on the other hand, who arises willingly from his coach, or has a spontaneous disposition to go to bed at reasonable hours ? Why, what a languid time we would have of it, if it were only requisite to form a wish to insure its gratification. Even our planetary duty of revolving upon an axis, and of strolling round the sun, for the sake of varieties of light, and for a patronizing encouragement of the little seasons, might come to be neglected from a want of inducement to take the trouble of rolling ; and we should lose caste in the solar system by being too indolent to perform our gyrations, or to extend the shadow of eclipse.

The elder Mr. Greene would have stared at an attempt to demonstrate, that perhaps one's real felicity is to be estimated rather by what one wants, than by what one has ; and, though realizing the truth in his own person, that the pursuit is often more of a pleasure than the possession, he would have thought it strange enough, if he had been told that it is frequently a misfortune to be free from care.

But Goslyne Greene verified a fact, the knowledge of which had been denied to his paternal predecessor. Though surrounded by mere conventional thinkers — by those who think they think, and labor under the delusion of supposing they have opinions of their own, when they only reflect the image presented to them — and who, by dint of reiteration, had worn out Goslyne's original and instinctive aversions to his peculiar position in the world, manifested by juvenile whimpers, which had more of wisdom in them than is often to be found in the gravest nod of a snow-crowned head — still Goslyne returned at last, but rather circuitously, it must be confessed, to the primary sentiment, and perfected the moral. In the long interval, however, he was "sophis-

ticate;" and, like the mass of mankind, took things for true because everybody says so, when perhaps this species of universal concession is rather a suspicious circumstance, and should awaken scrutiny.

"Born to fortune" came, therefore, pleasantly enough to the ears of Goslyne Greene. He soon learned to consider himself as an exempt from the discipline of the drill sergeant. The filings and facings which necessity imposes were nothing to him. There was no reason why his step should be regulated, or why he should be obliged to march to measure. Goslyne had a gun before he had any conception of the purposes of that complicated contrivance. Goslyne had a pony, with a "colored gentleman" appurtenant, to hold him on the saddle. Goslyne had a watch before he knew there was such a thing as time, and before he had the slightest idea of the trouble he would hereafter have to kill the horological enemy, which was destined to hang so heavy on his hands. Other children must dream of drums and sigh for drums till Christmas; but drums were attainable by Goslyne every day in the year; and drums, thus reduced to their sheepskin realities—the drum in fact, and not the drum of imagination—became a weariness. It is not our business to invalidate proverbs, and the birds may have it their own way; but an anticipated drum is in every respect more fascinating than any quantity of drums in hand; and the philosophy of this has an extended application. Goslyne, however, had no anticipations. Almost from the very outset, he was compelled to puzzle himself to imagine new pleasures, and to harass his mind to conceive a want. Now, there are few distresses more essentially distressing than to want a want. Other difficulties may be surmounted; but when we experience a difficulty because we have not got a difficulty, what is to be done? Goslyne had many fatiguing hunts through the region of his fancy, in the hope that under some unsuspected, untried bush, he might be lucky enough to beat up an unsatisfied desire. How often did he wish that there was something which he had not, that

he might enjoy the sport of wishing that he could have it—a common amusement enough, but one with which Goslyne was not at all familiar; and it was this very deficiency, that goaded him on to his moral.

From the force of circumstances, Goslyne unavoidably became an indolent boy. People did everything for him, when it is childhood's happy impulse to do all things, however imperfectly, for itself, and when it joyfully seeks the wisdom of experience, by an endless variety of experiments, triumphing through tears, tumbles, breakages, and damage of all sorts and sizes. But Goslyne was supervised and carefully tended; and being born to a fortune, the mountain came to the little Mahomet, instead of Mahomet going to the mountain. He rarely, indeed, had the opportunity of improving himself by a fall down stairs on his own special account; and probably never gathered knowledge by an uninterrupted dabble in a tub of water. If he would climb the fence, John lifted him to the top; and if he wanted to make a horse of the poker, an expensive toy was substituted, to the death of all ingenuity and imagination. Goslyne was tamed and tranquillized at last into a nice boy, and his mind, like his body, lost relish for adventure. He looked to others for his entertainment, and required grimaces to be made at him to create his laughter. John beat the hoop, while Goslyne looked on; and Tom turned heels over head, that Goslyne might enjoy the sport without risking a bruise. It was a business to amuse the child, when that is a business belonging chiefly to the child itself.

Goslyne had not even elasticity enough left for mischief, it was so tiresome when the edge of its novelty had been somewhat blunted by repetition. What fun is there in the demolition of windows, when one would just as soon pay for the broken glass as not? Who would fatigue himself to run down all manner of streets, when half a dollar is sure to stop the pursuit? Why poach for fruit upon forbidden ground, when cash can procure much better fruit, with John to go

for it, and with no agitation of trouble and excitement! Goslyne had not discovered that this "trouble" constitutes the poetry of almost everything within the range of human enjoyment. We are born to trouble; and it is lucky that it is so, or how should we fill up our time? It might not, perhaps, be difficult to demonstrate that the abrogation of domestic and scholastic "correction," which is yielding to the progress of innovating philanthropy, has made the present generation less jocund than its predecessors. For who can deny that it was an exquisite pleasure to "'scape whipping," when that description of appeal to the feelings was in fashion? But the enlivening sensations thus derivable were not accorded to the wealthy Goslyne Greene, as being an enjoyment suitable only to the plebeian order. No wonder he yawned—nobody ever ventured to put him in a rage by thwartings and contradiction. How could he do otherwise than stagnate?

In the matter of acquirement at school and at college, the achievements of Mr. Greene were just about what would be anticipated from his earlier training; and he arrived at the conclusion to have it so, by two converging processes of thought, which were brief, and did not impose a heavy tax upon the reasoning powers.

"Learning things is a trouble," said Goslyne, "and I hate trouble. What's the use of being rich, if we are to have trouble?"

This was the first stretch of his intellect; and he reposed upon its laurels for a considerable series of years, when, his faculties being fully matured, he reflected as follows:—

"What do people take trouble for—what do they learn things for? Why, to get a living. But I have got a living already, and more than a living. Then, what's the use?"

And Goslyne ceased to think further on the subject, lest he should injure the delicate organization of his brain by the entertainment of abstruse propositions. He, therefore, yawned and sauntered through academic groves until he

reached the estate of manhood, together with the estate which his father had accumulated for him.

Now came the most arduous part of the effort to live pleasantly without trouble—to gather roses without a thorn. Never was humanity more perplexed. The tiresome fiend was close at Goslyne's heels wherever he might be, whether vegetating at home or hurrying in travel. He tried change of place. He tried horses and dogs. Gay companions wearied him. Amusements became insipid. There appeared to be no end to the day, and the night was equally as "tardy-gaited." The delights of the table seemed to promise well, and he endeavored to fill up intervals by Apician indulgences; but he was too inactive in body to carry on gormandizing to advantage for any length of time; and he found that to vibrate between the cook and the physician, with a preponderating tendency toward the man of medicine, was a species of trouble for which, on the whole, he had very little fancy. Enlistments under the banner of Bacchus proved equally unproductive; and in games of hazard, he suffered a certain degree of annoyance when he lost his money, with no compensating satisfaction when he won the money of other people, as he had always cash enough, and had undergone no such experience in a deficiency thereof to give zest to pecuniary acquisitions.

He labored to persuade himself once upon a time that he had fallen in love, undertaking to be sentimental in "yellow kids," and paying particular attention to costume. The lady's brothers borrowed his money, drank his wine, smoked his cigars, rode his horses, broke his carriages, and treated him in every way as "one of the family;" while the lady herself dragged him from company to company, from concert to theatres, caused him to come for her and to go for her, and danced him through a whole winter; so that, when they were just about to fix the "happy day," the timely thought struck him, in the midst of a yawn of unusual width and weariness, that he did not like the affair altogether, and

that he would take no more "trouble" in relation to it. There was much talk about horsewhips, about breaches of promise, express and implied, about the pulling of noses, horizontal and vertical, coupled with hints concerning hair-triggers and percussion caps.

"As for assaults and battery, suits at law, and permitting fellows to fire at you as if you were the target in a shooting-gallery, it's decidedly too much trouble," yawned Goslyne Greene. "Tell 'em to send in a bill of how much it comes to for letting me off, and I'll pay. It's cheaper than being shot, and not half so much trouble as matrimony seems to be."

But the star of Goslyne Greene had reached its culminating point, and began to wane. His fortunes had suffered much from his mode of living, and more from an unwillingness to encounter the "trouble" to look after his affairs.

Mr. Thimblorig, who had kindly undertaken to manage all investments for him, and to increase his cash by profitable speculation, thought it proper one fine morning to depart for Texas, leaving no particular explanatory remarks behind him, and, indeed, leaving the remarks to be made by other people, though he left nothing else that was portable or convertible, either of his own or belonging to the estate of Goslyne Greene. Goslyne had an idea that he ought to feel as a goose is reputed to feel.

"I always had a suspicion that Thimblorig was a little of a rascal," thought he; "but then the fellow was so handy, and saved such a deal of trouble."

There was something left, to be sure. Thimblorig had not completely swept the board; but, in such cases, it often happens that it never rains without pouring. A commercial crisis swept over the land. Banks exploded; speculations vanished into thin air; money loaned was not worth seeking after. The work begun by his faithless agent was now perfected, and Goslyne Greene was reduced, like mighty Cesar, to the petty measure of his physical dimensions, without cir-

cumstance or accompaniment—a simple Goslyne, independent of feathers.

“I’m afraid there’s going to be trouble,” said he, as he looked at the collapsed condition of his purse. “But never mind—I can borrow.”

The theory of borrowing, as Goslyne had learned it, by occupying the place of a lender, is essentially different from the practice of borrowing when one tries it on his own account. The world has various aspects, according to the position from which it is viewed; and when an individual “born to a fortune” gets into the reverse attitude, and seeks to do as he has been done by, the difference is striking. Goslyne was surprised to find, when he endeavored to live upon other people as other people had lived on him, that it was rather a severe and an unpleasant method of operation.

“Well, if I’d had any idea of this before,” said he, when disappointed in an effort to raise five dollars in the way of a friendly loan, “it would have saved a deal of trouble, and a considerable quantity of money.”

But it was rather too late in the day with the unfortunate Goslyne Greene, to unlearn everything and to begin his life anew. He had no qualifications for the task either, even if the inclination had not been lacking; and he discovered, painfully enough, that being “born to a fortune,” where it is much easier to make money, difficult as that process may be, than to keep it when it is made, is not always the greatest kindness that our guardian angel can bestow. Riches with us is a bird of an incredible power of wing, and has qualities of escape and evasion which skill itself is often unavailing to combat. The bird was gone from Goslyne; but having had no training as a fowler, there was no help, and he was obliged to trust his future life to chance.

He ekes out a precarious existence on the reluctant kindness of former friends, and by appeals to the feelings of his kinsfolk, who, however near in former times, are now disposed to be “distant relations” in regard to him. He is,

nevertheless, as averse to trouble as ever, when there is a possibility of avoiding it, and rarely removes from hotel or boarding-house until the politeness of the landlord induces him to say, that he will forgive arrearage for the sake of hastening Mr. Goslyne Greene's departure from the premises.

"And that is what I call behaving like a gentleman," says Mr. Greene; "it saves a deal of trouble in the adjustment of accounts; and as I don't understand figures, people are so apt to impose upon me."

Latterly, however, he begins to think that this mode of settlement is too much to the advantage of the opposite party, and that he, being at the trouble of looking out for a new domicile, should have something to boot, in the shape of a small subsidy or an order upon a ready-made clothing establishment, just for the sake of symmetry and to make the matter perfectly square; and he proposes to carry out the idea when the next occasion offers itself. Whether his conduct in thus obtaining credit, is altogether creditable, is left to the reader to decide. It is enough for us to have presented "The Moral of Goslyne Greene, who was born to a fortune," that they who are not thus distinguished may rejoice over their peculiar happiness in being with the majority on this question, and esteem themselves lucky in beginning life at its smaller and lower end.

JOHNNY JUMPUP;

THE RISING SON.

LIFE is full of difficulties—a trying time it is altogether, not only in the Oyer and Terminer, but likewise in other places quite as remote from justice as the courts of law. Everybody lives, after a fashion. They must do it, or embrace an alternative that is disagreeable; but there are many who find that to live, easy and natural as some people may think it, is one of the most troublesome jobs they ever undertook. But after we rise above the mere first principles of existence, and have succeeded in making tolerably sure of a reasonable supply of breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, clothing and house-room included, which is elementary living—the practical and physical part, on which we are to erect the romance, the poetry, and the ornament—then comes the grandest perplexity of all, where emulation exists, and where ambition flourishes, to prevent the individual—just as like as not me, or may be you—from being completely absorbed in the mass of mankind, as only one in the statistical returns of the census, and to fashion for him a distinctive feature of some sort, that shall single him out from the general family of the race, and cause others to designate him with “extended finger,” as he circulates among the crowd. Merely to live, and to breathe, and to be the inert consumer of a certain amount of provant and provision, is that to content a soul replete with ardor, hungry for oreferment, and athirst to be distinguished?

No—it is required that we should be a sensation—an electric spark—something on the thunder and lightning

principle—rather than a mere negative quality, with nothing of the flash or sparkle about it. But how?—ay, there's the rub—how are we to be a shock to the nerve of the millions?

"That's Stiggins!" say they; and if every eye is turned at the word, to gaze with wonder and amaze at him who rejoices in the euphonious appellation of Stiggins—if the name of Stiggins hath associations connected with it, either for good or for evil—admiring love or malignant hate—which are sufficient to attract the regards of all to its lucky possessor, who so happy as "Stiggins," standing as he does, upon a pedestal, to receive the homage of the bystanders.

"That's Stiggins!" is the cry, which Stiggins, in proud humility, affects not to hear, while Stiggins is inwardly rejoicing at the glances which rest upon his lineaments.

"Hey!—where?—what?—which is Stiggins?"

"Oh, show me Stiggins!"

"Won't he wait till I run home for my wife?—she's half dead to see Stiggins."

"Lawks!—do tell!—and is that Stiggins? I've seen Stiggins at last, with my own eyes, I have."

Do not pretend that you do not envy Stiggins—the happy Stiggins. When such a state of things as we now attempt to describe, waits on any of the Stigginses, it may be set down at once that he has seated himself upon the utmost "rung" of felicity's ladder—that he is at the high topgallant of his joy—has completed his pyramid and has capped his climax. Stiggins need not stay—he may leave the world now just as soon as he pleases—there is little left for him to do.

Why, say'st thou, should Stiggins cease from effort and permit himself to be evaporated—why?

Because this is fame—this is the laurel of renown—this, the *Ultima Thule* of vaulting ambition—all that Stiggins can do in the way of elevating himself above the swampy level of the rest of creation.

"Stiggins!"—with a "Hurrah for Stiggins," or "A groan for Stiggins"—either way—be not particular—his leafy laurelled chaplet is completed. Stiggins has, you see, conquered a notoriety and climbed unto an apex—a feat rarely to be accomplished more than once in a lifetime, it being a settled rule—there's so many of us—that no one shall have more than a day.

Why should Stiggins be now exploded, and go off, like a rocket, from the busy stage.

Because, when we are as high as we can go, the notoriety that has been attained must thenceforth be on the wane, with a greater or less degree of rapidity, according to the extent of our skill and tact in the nourishment, cherishment, and preservation of our passing glory. It is doleful to be one of the "have beens"—melancholy to wander about as a member of the "used to was" family—and he who is the idolater of fame, will find it the best policy, if he desires to be remembered, to disappear in the full meridian of his greatness, instead of waiting till it is night. For still, it wanes, do what we will to the contrary; and he who is hailed with shouts of applause whenever he presents himself in public, should be as busy with his hay as possible, now that the sun is shining; for very soon he will decline into nothing more than one of the multitude, and be left to wonder what has become of the thronging circle of his admirers. The truth is, that the public can not afford to be puffing up anybody's balloon for a length of time, and are apt, after a while to permit it to drop down in a state of collapse. But to dismiss such saddening reflections upon the mutabilities of things, let us repeat once more, like a chubby-cheeked Fame in full blast upon a speaking-trumpet—

"That's Stiggins!"

Let Stiggins rejoice in his distinction: for no matter how he conquered it, and it avails not why it is accorded to him, it can not be denied that he—Stiggins—is now what we may call a thing of glory and a matter of renown.—Is it not

for this that the writer burns the midnight oil; and, like the cuttle-fish, darkens all around him by an inky flood?—Fame!—“*monstrari digito*”—“there he goes!”—does not the warrior fight for it, bleed for it, die for it? And what toils, what dangers, what perils, do we not cheerfully undergo for such reward, unsubstantial as it may appear?—Notoriety—distinction!—ambition craves; and there is not a path to such attainment, be it lofty, or be it depressed, that is not crowned with eager and jostling competitors, only to hear the welcome whisper as they pass, that “this is Stiggins.”

There are all sorts of ways essayed to climb the steep of renown. Some of us write books—others fight in battles—the duello is resorted to by many—others keep race-horses; while there be men in the pursuit of fame, who will eat you a hundred or two of oysters at a single sitting, on a wager, and down in a cellar.

Fame—we must have fame, if we can get it—a little something peculiar to ourselves, that shall set up and maintain a difference—perceptible and admitted—between us and all the rest—“myself alone,” with nothing to be seen of the like pattern in any other person’s house, even if the radiation from our name should not be enabled to cast its beams beyond the most limited circle; and hence it is—we are sure you wince under it yourself—that no man likes to be confounded in the minds of persons, indifferent as they may be to him in the main, with any other man, either on the score of a similarity of name, or on any account whatever. There can not, indeed, be a worse compliment than not to know that Brown is Brown, or that Smith is Smith, or Jones is Jones; for though there be, as proved by the directory, many Browns, several Smiths, and not a few of the Joneses, yet each individual, not only of these names, but of all other names that may be suggested, feels that he is, pre-eminently, the person of that name, not to be mistaken or to be overlooked; and when, awkwardly, as it often hap-

pens, an unconsciousness of our existence or of who we are, is exhibited—it is a folly to seek to palliate the offence by soothing or apologies—our self-love is writhing under a wound. “Beg pardon—didn’t know you!”—Yet we have been here, or there, or elsewhere, all the time—yea, figuring just as largely as we could upon our little stage—and still you were not aware that we had ever been born at all, supposing us to be anybody in general, or nobody in particular! Say no more—we are essentially snubbed; and you can not make it better by these bungling efforts to explain away the original error.

But be careful for the future—never, while you live, be so rash as to admit to any person’s face that you never chanced to hear of him before—never, while you live, be induced to confess that you mistook him for somebody else, because there are so many of that name. Better try to play with lions as you would with common people, than thus to trifle with a man’s identity—it’s dangerous; for it is a jar, brimming full of bitterness, for any man to discover that the identity which occupies all his thoughts, all his time, and all his care, is yet so little of an identity, that he has not been able to assume a distinctive aspect in the eyes of the community which surrounds him.

“That’s Stiggins!”

“Yes—but who is Stiggins?”

Now, we ask you—“on your apparel”—is not such a cruel query as that enough to be—apoplectically—the death of the hardest, toughest, knottiest Stiggins, that ever floated on the tide of time? “Unknown,” as they say in the bills of mortality, would not that be fatal to the most vital of us? And then, to hear our dear self spoken of so cheaply as “a Mr. Stiggins”—“one Mr. Stiggins”—or, worse than either, “some Mr. Stiggins,” as if, with all our toil, we had been so far a failure as not to be able to project ourselves a single notable inch beyond the level of undistinguished Stigginsism. It is sufficient to cause any person,

however averse to hydropathy, and antagonistical to the cold water principle, to cast himself into the river, as the nearest attainable approach to *felo-de-se*.

And here we have it why it is, that indisputable distinction, whatever be its kind, is so flattering and so precious that mankind counts no cost too great that may be required to make it sure; and that everybody fondles it so affectionately when it has been obtained, often believing, indeed, that we do possess it when we have it not.

And so, too, in paternal and maternal affection. It is not to be controverted that the child is yet to be born, which, in the eyes of those to whom it more immediately appertains, is not gifted by nature with faculties that will never allow it to be absorbed in insignificance, or to be taken and mistaken for any other child. "There can be no mistake in this child," as they say in popular phraseology. It is a bright particular star in the firmament of babydom. Look, now—you see, as it reaches forward to inflict endearing scratches upon the accommodating nose which you so politely extend toward it for infancy's special amusement, you see that it "takes notice," differently from common children, and thus gives indubitable evidences of a latent genius. Perhaps it talks sooner—that's the force of genius—or may be it talks later—that's the slumbering and growing strength of genius—than other children talk. It recognises its "da-da"—its proud da-da—in a way that is certainly peculiar to itself; and it goes on, step by step, in developing one evidence of coming greatness after another evidence of coming greatness, so that we are at last stupified to find, on encountering the test of downright experiment and of actual collision with the world, that our prodigy was merely a prodigy when in bud, the genius and the greatness not having survived an emancipation from the nursery; and then, the prodigy having itself been, in all likelihood, deluded into a belief that it is a prodigy, is compelled, painfully and slowly, to discover its real value, and to acquiesce in being placed, for the rest

of its existence, in a position merely subordinate—a task which, in many cases, is so replete with mortifications that it is but imperfectly performed, and the sufferer goes through life groaning under the erroneous impression that he came upon the stage before the world was sufficiently advanced to comprehend his merits, and that he is decidedly “The Unappreciated One.”

At all events, it is clear that the world is ever full of wonderful babies—but not remarkable at any time for a superabundance of wonderful men.

But Johnny Jumpup, however, as any one with half an eye, may discover from his portrait—an authentic likeness, now first published—is safe—certain of his distinction, from the very outset. He—Johnny—is not to be mistaken for anybody else—for, physically and longitudinally—by feet and by inches—he—Johnny—rises far above all cavil and all dispute. He looks down upon them with disdain. His elevation—Jumpup’s—is not to be reached by others, unless recourse be had to a chair or to a pile of bricks. But Johnny is up already; and there is no such thing as the getting of him down, unless he should be *razeed*, by a cannon-ball, of which, we think, there is no likelihood at present.

As you may have had occasion to remark, the family of the Jumpups are none of your lowly-minded people, who feel and act as if they were intruders in the walks of men. Not at all—the Jumpups know they have as good a right to be here as anybody—they doubt, indeed, whether their right to be here is not a shade or two better than that of anybody with whom they are acquainted, having always, as Sylvester Daggerwood quaintly expresses it, “a soul above buttons;” but as everybody else does not place them so far above buttons as they place themselves, the Jumpups pant for that distinction to which all must bow. The Jumpups thought of the making of money in the first instance, as perhaps the shortest cut to glory; and it is of material assistance; and so they toiled and they traded—bargained, sold,

swopped, exchanged, and "chiselled," day in and day out, till Dame Fortune, finding herself so vehemently besieged, could resist no longer, and yielded herself to their persevering arms. Eldad Jumpup—the father of Johnny—eventually become one of the richest men about—bowed to at the exchange—chairman of all sorts of meetings—heading subscriptions, and having a voice potential in mercantile and monetary affairs. But in this respect, others contrived at last to be as renowned as he—the name of Jumpup could not stand here alone, "grand, gloomy, and peculiar;" and then Eldad Jumpup endeavored to attain originality by the effort to conjoin literature to commerce; and he purchased a large assortment of books in exquisite binding—had his portrait painted, in a library—himself with pen in hand, thinking hard over a pile of octavoes, as if crammed with their contents, and endeavoring to give voice to the inspiration awakened. But there is a marvellous difference between the buying of books and the reading of books—between the wish for literary laurel, and the processes of gathering the plant; and Eldad Jumpup very often found himself awakened from unexpected slumber, there in the library, by the sonorous fall of the selected volume from his unconscious hand, books proving rather soporific to one so long accustomed to stirring realities and active competitions.

"Ho! ho!" cried Eldad, "this will never do. I'll hire some fellow to read these books for me, and make a division of the labor."

So he had recourse in the next instance to what may be called the hospitalities—town-house, country-house, dinners, and so forth. But even then, people would contradict him at his own table, and talk of him as "no great shakes," when he wanted to be "a great shakes"—what's the use of living, if you are not considerable of a "shakes"?—they would so talk of him at the very moment when they were fattening their lean and withered frames with his viands and at his expense.

But had he not Johnny? When his own hopes of being a peculiar and leading feature were thus foiled and so blighted, was there not Johnny? What could be done to manufacture Johnny Jumpup into a great man?—Johnny not being troubled with any traits different from common traits, except that as regards eating and sleeping he could do a larger business than any one else. In these regards Johnny was clever—undeniably.

“That boy’s always asleep,” observed Eldad, gravely; “he shows no other genius now—can’t sing—can’t draw—won’t talk—doesn’t like to run about, and never made anything in his life—nothing but sleep. Extraordinary boy—sleeping so much must mean something, I’m sure of that—but what does it mean? I’d like to know. It’s his genius, I guess, growing in his head while he’s asleep—it don’t want to be disturbed now, but by’n’by it will come out in a perfect blaze of glory. If it don’t, I’ll turn him out as an impostor.

“And besides, now I think of it, when Johnny is not asleep, Johnny is always eating. That’s wonderful, too—very wonderful. It’s the genius—some sort of genius—getting into the stomach that makes Johnny so hungry—genius is always hungry, more or less; because, you see, it wants nourishment. So, what between sleeping and eating, I don’t see how Johnny Jumpup can very well fail of being a great man, because it’s quite clear he doesn’t waste any of his strength or trifle away any of his ideas—nobody ever gets an idea from Johnny—he’s too cunning for that.”

All at once, Johnny’s genius did make itself apparent; and the real meaning of the phenomena of much eating and incessant sleeping, so strongly exhibited in his case, became obvious to the meanest capacity. His abilities took an upward direction, drawing him out, though Johnny said nothing on the subject himself—drawing him out, story after story, like a telescope or a portable fishing-rod. He ate, and he slept, and he grew—every week let out a new tuck

from his trousers, and his arms went a considerable distance through the sleeves of his jacket. There was no denying it, that Johnny was destined, in one way at least, to be a great man, and to be discovered easily in the thickest of the crowd. So was it that the paternal desires were realized. Nobody else had such a Johnny.

* * * * *

And now comes the delicate consideration as to whether, in the main, it be best for us or not, that our wishes in regard to ourselves or our offspring should be realized. When we look into things with our philosophic eye alone, closing all other eyes, it will often be apparent that a supposed blessing is often a misfortune, and that it is, after all, better for us to be just as we are, rather than any other way. Admire the extent of Johnny Jumpup as much as you please—you that are brief and dumpy—we fear that Johnny could, if he would, tell a very different story about the matter.

For instance, Johnny Jumpup is invariably in the way. “Gracious alive!—do, Johnny, double yourself up, instead of poking your legs all over the room, to break people’s necks.”

Long as he is, people are ever short with Johnny on the subject of his extensions, forgetting too, in their wrath at being unintentionally tripped, that Johnny “suffers some” in the process as well as they.

“Oh, Johnny! you’re only fit to hand things down from high shelves, or to look into second-story windows. They’d better hire you to light the lamps, or to whitewash ceilings.”

“Oh, yes,” says Johnny himself, “it’s all very dignified and commanding, I’ve no doubt, to be stretched out this way, like a scaffold-pole or part of the magnetic telegraph; but that doesn’t pay for the knocks I get on the head, or make the beds any longer. I can look down upon people, of course; but what’s that to having to keep curled up like a coil of rope more than half the time?—It’s entirely too much trouble to be a great man. Great men do well enough for

extraordinary occasions, but I'd rather be a common people for everyday wear; and I'm half inclined to wish that somebody would take me in a little, or cut me off short. It's a deal of trouble to be always trying to make one's self small; for when I feel the smallest, it's just then that I'm the largest and the most in the way. I wish I was brother to Tom Thumb. It's every way cheaper and more convenient."

Just so—who is content?—not Johnny Jumpup, with all his advantages; and we have here another lesson to be always as contented as possible with our lot. It is a doubt whether we could change it to any advantage, or whether, if we could have our children as we wish them, it would be of advantage either to them or to us. Remember Johnny Jumpup, who finds that this world, having been prepared for people of the smaller extension, is ever at war with his comforts. No one can tell how many of the swinging-lamps are destroyed by Johnny Jumpup, or how often his hat is swept from his brow by the awnings of the street. He dares not rise from his chair with precipitation, lest it prove that the ceiling is too low; and his phrenological faculties are literally beaten in by the concussions to which he is so unceasingly exposed. When he stops to shake hands with any one, he has a pain in his back from the stooping; and the boys shout after him in the street as "the man who is too long anywhere." Jumpup is modest; yet Jumpup is made the target for jokes. People hail him as "the man in the steeple," to know where the fire is; and many are the queries to learn of him what is the state of the weather up there. Poor Jumpup—wearied and vexed, how is it possible for him to hide himself from sneering observation, or to avoid the pains and the penalties of being conspicuous?

MR. KERR MUDGEON:

OH, 'YOU WON'T, WON'T YOU?'

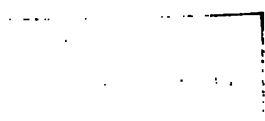
THINK : NOW .

YOU see—in you not—Nay you may almost hear it, if you listen attentively. Mr. Kerr Mudgeon—great many of the Kerr Mudgeons abroad in various places—but this Mr. Kerr Mudgeon—going to a party as he was—desires not to procure generally any of such occasions, of looking particularly well—and all ready in his own infinite satisfaction—all ready except the final operation of putting on his fashionable coat—the last and most important article of gentlemanly costume—the may work without a coat, you know, and work all the easier for the relief: but it is not altogether polite to leave it at home on a day when you go to a party. Torn his coat—not through his own fault, as Mr. Kerr Mudgeon would tell you explicitly enough—he never is, never was, never can be, in fault—but because of that coat's ill-timed and provoking resistance to the operation of being doctored. The coat might have known—who is ever thus to be trifled with in the process of dressing? Yes, the coat must have known. Ah, coats and the makers of coats have much to answer for. Kerr Mudgeon is ruffled, ruffles of this sort, causing a man to look some the handsomer or the more amiable for the ruffles. Such ruffles are not becoming.

"Ho! ho! won't go on, hey?" cried Mr. Kerr Mudgeon, and Mr. Kerr Mudgeon panted and Mr. Kerr Mudgeon blew, on the high-pressure principle, until the steam of his wrath had reached its highest point.



Mr. Kerr Mudgeon, or "You Won't, Won't You."



"It is a fearful moment with the Kerr Mudgeons when it is manifest that something must break—a blood-vessel or the furniture, or the peace of the commonwealth. Why will things animate and inanimate conspire to bring about such a crisis? Kerr Mudgeons will be sweet tempered if you will only permit them.

The coat positively refused to go on any further—the contumacious raiment. What could Kerr Mudgeon do in such a strait of perverse broadcloth?

"Tell me you won't go on," muttered Kerr Mudgeon, setting his teeth as a rifleman sets his trigger; "I'll make you go on, I will," shouted he.

There's no such word as fail with Mr. Kerr Mudgeon. Something is sure to be done when he is once fairly roused to the work. It is a rule of his to combat like with like; and so—and so—stamping his foot determinedly, and gathering all his forces for a grand demonstration against the obstinacy of tight sleeves, he carried his point as he proposed to carry it, by a rushing *coup-de-main*, to the material detriment of the fabric.—But what of that? Was it not a victory for Kerr Mudgeon? The coat had yielded to the force of his will; and if the victory had been gained at cost, is it not always so with victories!—Glory—is that to be had for nothing?—No—depreciate the cost of glory, and pray tell me what becomes of glory?—It is glory no longer. A luxury, to be a luxury, must be beyond the general reach—too expensive for the millions—too costly for the masses.

"And now—ha! ha!—ho! ho!—he! he!—come off!" shrieked Mr. Kerr Mudgeon; "now you've done all the mischief you could, come off." Kerr Mudgeon divested himself of the fractured, now humbled, penitent and discomfited coat, and followed up his first success, like an able tactician, he danced in a transport of joy upon its mangled fragments and its melancholy remains. Ghastly moment of triumph o'er a foe. Alas! Kerr Mudgeon, be merciful to the vanquished when incapacitated for the war.

But no—coolness comes not on the instant—not to the Kerr Mudgeons. They have no relationship to the Kew Cumbers. They disdain the alliance; and Mr. Kerr Mudgeon's coat had been conquered only—not punished.

“That's what you get by being obstinate,” added he, as he kicked the expiring coat about the room, knocking down a lamp, upsetting an inkstand, and doing sundry other minor pieces of mischief, all of which, of course, he charged to the account of the coat, as aforesaid—it was coat's fault altogether. Mr. Kerr Mudgeon is not naturally in a passion. He would not have been in a passion had it not been for the coat—not he—the coat was the incendiary cause; and we trust that every coat, frock or body—sackcoat or any other of the infinite variety of coats now in existence, with all other coats that are to be, may take timely example and salutary warning from the deleful fate of Mr. Kerr Mudgeon's coat, that there may be no sewing of tares, and an exemption from rent. A coat is never improved by participation in battle.

And this unhappy coat, which has thus fallen a victim to its incapacity to adapt itself to the form and pressure of circumstances, is by no means a singular case in the experience of Mr. Kerr Mudgeon. We mention it rather as a symbol and as an emblem of the trials and vexations that ambuscade his way through life, to vex him at unguarded moments and shake him from his propriety. Boots, it will appear, have served him just so, particularly on a warm morning when unusual effort fevers one for the day. Did you see Kerr Mudgeon in a contest with his boots, when the leather, like a sturdy sentinel, refused ingress to Kerr Mudgeon's heel, and declared that there was “no admission” to the premises, in despite of coaxings, of soap, and of the pulverizations of soap-stone? If you never saw that sight, you ought to see it, before you shuffle off this mortal coil—indeed you ought, as Kerr Mudgeon toils and pants at the reluctant boots, in the vain effort “to grapple them to his sole with hooks of

steel." Then it is most especially that a Kerr Mudgeon is "lovelily dreadful," like ocean in a storm. Whether salt-petre will explode or not, just set the Kerr Mudgeons at a tight boot, and you shall hear such explosions of tempestuous wrath as were never heard under other circumstances. The gun-cotton is like lambs-wool in comparison, as Kerr Mudgeon hops about in a state of betweenity, the boot half on, half off, declining either to go forward or to retreat. We pity that boot should Kerr Mudgeon find a failure to his deep intent. It has suffering in store—a species of storage which is never agreeable.

Corks, too—did you ever dwell upon a Kerr Mudgeon endeavoring to extract a cork, without the mechanical appliances of a screw? The getting out of corks with one's fingers is always more or less of a trial. There is donkeyism in corks; and those that will yield a little, are generally sure to break. Concession, conciliation, and compromise, demand, under these circumstances, that if the cork will not come out, it should be made to go in, to employ the ingenuity of future ages in fishing it up with slipknots and nooses. But Kerr Mudgeon with a cork—he never, "Mr. Brown," can be prevailed upon to "give it up so;" not even if you find the cork-screw for him. Rather would he hurt his hand, loosen his teeth, break his penknife, or twist a fork into an invalid condition, than allow himself to be ingloriously baffled by the contemptible oppugnation and hostility of a cork and bottle, thirsty and impatient as he may be for the imbibation of the contents thereof. If all else fail, Kerr Mudgeon enraged, and the bystanders in an agony of nervousness at the scene—"smack" goes the bottle's neck against a table, or "whack" over the back of a chair—"you won't, won't you!"—or in the more protracted and aggravating case, "smash!" goes the whole bottle to the wall; for the embellishment of paper hangings and the improvement of carpeting—Victoria!

Something is always the matter, too, with the bureau when

he would open or shut a drawer. Either it will, not come out or it won't go in. That drawer must take the consequences; and doors—lucky are they to escape a fractured panel, if doors prove refractory, as doors sometimes will. Nobody can open a door so featly as a Kerr Mudgeon.

"You won't, won't you!" and so he appeals to the *ultima ratio regum*—the last reasoning of kings—which means as many of thumps, cuffs, and kicks, as may be requisite to the purpose. It is a knock-down argument.

Pooh! pooh!—how you talk of the efficacy of the soft answer in the turning away of wrath. Nonsense, Mr. George Combe, that wrath to the wrathful is only fuel to the flame. Mr. Kerr Mudgeon has no faith in passive resistance and in other doctrines of that sort. Smite his cheek, and then see what will come of the smitation. Go to him if you want "as good as you give," and you will be sure to obtain measure, exact, yea, and running over.

And so Mr. Kerr Mudgeon has always a large stock of quarrel on hand, unsettled and neat as imported—fends everywhere, to keep him warm in the winter season. A good hater is Mr. Kerr Mudgeon—a bramble-bush to scratch withal.

"Try to impose on me," says Kerr Mudgeon, "I'd like to see 'em at it. They'll soon find I'm not afraid of anybody;" and he therefore seeks to impress that fact with distinctness on everybody's mind; and, in consequence, if anybody has unexpended choler about him—a pet rage or so, pent up, or a latent exasperation—make him acquainted with Kerr Mudgeon, and observe the effect of the contact of such a spark as Mudgeon with an inflammable magazine. Should you find yourself peevish generally, and a little crusty or so, to those around you—primed, as it were, for contention, should it be fairly offered, stop as you go to business, at Kerr Mudgeon's. He will accommodate you, and you will feel much better afterward, you will—"calm as a summer morning," as the politicians have it.

Kerr Mudgeon rides ; and his horse must abide a liberal application of whip and spur, sometimes inducing it as a corollary, is a tumble to be regarded as a corollary from the saddle ?—inducing it as a corollary, that Kerr Mudgeon must abide in the mire, with a fractured tibia or fibia, as the case may be. “ You won’t, won’t you ? ”—and there are horses who won’t when not able clearly to understand what is to be done. Now, the horse swerves, and Kerr Mudgeon takes the lateral slide. Again the steed bows—with politeness enough—and Kerr Mudgeon is a flying phenomenon over his head—gracefully, like a spread-eagle in a fit of enthusiasm. When he is *down* he says he never gives *up* to a horse.

Kerr Mudgeon delights also to quicken the paces of your lounging dog, by such abrupt and sharp appeal to the feelings of the animal as occasion may suggest ; and often there is an interchange of compliment, biped and quadrupedal, thus elicited, returning bites for blows, to square accounts between human attack and canine indignation. Some dogs do not appreciate graceful attentions and captivating endearments. “ Dogs are so revengeful,” says Kerr Mudgeon. His dogs always run away ; “ dogs are so ungrateful, too,” quoth he.

Unfortunate Kerr Mudgeon ! What is to become of him until the world is rendered more complaisant and acquiescent, prepared in all respects to go his way ?

In the street, he takes the straightest line from place to place, having learnt from his schoolboy mathematics, that this is decidedly the shortest method of going from place to place. And yet, how people jostle him, first on the right hand, then on the left ? Why do they not clear the track for Kerr Mudgeon ?

Then at the postoffice, in the hour of delivery.

Kerr Mudgeon wants his letters. What is more natural than that a man should want his letters ?

"Quit scrounging!" says somebody, as he knocks Mr. Kerr Mudgeon in the ribs with his elbow.

"Wait for your turn!" cries somebody else; jostling Mr. Kerr Mudgeon on the opposite ribs.

Still Kerr Mudgeon struggles through the press, resolved upon obtaining his letters before other people obtain their letters, having his feet trampled almost to a mummy, his garments disarranged, if not torn, and in addition to bruises, perhaps losing his fifty dollar breast-pin, to complete the harmony of the picture; but still obtaining his letters in advance of his competitors—five minutes saved or thereabouts—what triumph! what a victory! To be sure, after such a struggle, Mr. Kerr Mudgeon consumes much more than the five minutes in putting himself to rights, and finds himself in a towering passion for an hour or two, besides groaning for a considerable length of time over his bruises and his losses, all of which might have been escaped by a few moments of patience. But then the victory—"you won't, won't you?" Was Kerr Mudgeon ever baffled by any species of resistance? Not he.

"People are such brutes," says he; "no more manners than so many pigs—try not to let me get my letters as soon as any of them, will they? I'll teach 'em that a Kerr Mudgeon is not to be trifled with—just as good a right to be first as anybody; and I will be first, wherever I go, cost what it may."

We do not know that Kerr Mudgeon ever entered into a calculation as to the profit and loss of the operation of the rule that governed his life in intercourse with society. Indeed, we rather think not. But it is probable that in the long run, it costs as much as it comes to, if it does not cost a great deal more, thus to persist in having one's way in everything. In crossing the street now, when the black and fluent mire is particularly abundant, Mr. Kerr Mudgeon insists upon the flag stones—"as good a right as anybody," and thus pushes others into a predicament unpleasant to

their boots and detrimental to their blacking, so that their understandings become clouded, as they lose all their polish. In general, such a course as this does very well—but it will sometimes happen, as it has happened, that two Kerr Mudgeons meet—the hardest fend off—and thus our Kerr Mudgeon is toppled full length into a bed much more soft than is altogether desirable, which vexes him.

Did you, of a rainy day, ever see Kerr Mudgeon incline his umbrella to allow another umbrella to pass? We are sure you never did. Kerr Mudgeon's umbrella is as good as anybody's umbrella, and will maintain its dignity against all comers, though it has been torn to fragments by the sharp points of other umbrellas, which thought themselves quite as good as it could pretend to be—and so, Kerr Mudgeon got himself now and then into a fray, to say nothing of suits for assault and battery, gracefully and agreeably interspersed. Ho! ho! umbrellas!—"you won't, won't you?"

Kerr Mudgeon walks with a cane—carries it horizontally under his arm, muddy at the ferule, perchance; and canes thus disposed, come awkwardly in contact with the crossing currents of persons and costumes. But what does he care for the soiled garments of the ladies or the angry countenances of offended gentlemen? Is not Kerr Mudgeon with his cane, as good as anybody else and his cane? Horizontally—he will wear it so. That's his way.

"The world don't improve at all," cries Kerr Mudgeon. "They may make speeches about it, and pass resolutions by the bushel; but it is my opinion that it grows obstinater and obstinater every day. It never yields an inch, and a man has to push, and to scramble, and to fight for ever to make any headway for himself—black and blue more than half the time. Every day shoots up all over rumpuses and rowses. But, never mind—the world needn't flatter itself that it's a going to conquer Kerr Mudgeon and put him down too, as it does other people. Kerr Mudgeon knows his rights—Kerr Mudgeon is as good as anybody else. Kerr

Mudgeon will fight till he dies. He was never made to yield, so long as his name is Kerr Mudgeon. It's a good name—never disgraced by movements of the knuckle-down character, and I am determined to carry on the war just as all the Mudgeons did that went before me. If a horse kicks me, I'll kick him back; and I wouldn't get out of the way, like Mr. Daniel Tucker in the song, if a thirty-two pound shot was coming up the street, or a locomotive was a whizzin' down the road. Stand up straight—that's my motto. Give 'em as good as they can bring; that's the doctrine; and while a single bit of Kerr Mudgeon remains—while any of his bones hang together, that's him squaring off right in the centre of the track, ready for you, with his coat buttoned up and a fist in each of his hands."

Kerr Mudgeon's face is settled grimly into the aspect of habitual defiance. His brows are for ever knitting, not socks or mittens, but frowns, and his mouth is knotted like a rope. When he looks around, it seems to be an inquiry as to whether any gentleman present is disposed to pugilistic encounter—if so, he can be accommodated; and the whole disposition of his garments indicates contention—war to the knife.

Kerr Mudgeon complains that he has no friends, and is beginning to stand solitary and alone, with but a dreary prospect before him, in a world that grows "obstinater and obstinater every day;" and he has yet to learn, if such learning should ever penetrate through the armor of hostility wherewith he is begirt, that perhaps, if we desire to have a smooth and easy time of it, we must ourselves begin by being smooth and easy. The belligerent ever meets with belligerents. There's no difficulty about that. There is a sufficiency of war in every atmosphere, if you are disposed to condense it upon yourself; and no one eager to enjoy the pleasure, need wander far in search of quarrels. Kerr Mudgeon finds them everywhere—"rumpuses and rowses"—But it is a shrewd doubt whether one's general comfort is

greatly promoted by the aggravation of rudeness. It is easier to bend a little to inclement blasts, than to be snapped off by perpendicular resistance — easier to go round an obstacle than to destroy your temper, and your clothing, in the exhausting effort to clamber over it, and it may be said of every quarrel in which Kerr-Mudgeonism is engaged, that probably both parties are at fault, though Kerr-Mudgeonism is, in all likelihood, the responsible party.

Yet “you won’t, won’t you?” is a great temptation to combativeness and destructiveness. Is it not, all ye people of the Kerr-Mudgeon temperament?

A. BORE, IN CHARCOAL.

THAT'S a Bore!

Everybody has heard of bores—of an immense bore—an intolerable bore, or an excruciating bore. The majority of mankind do not require to be told what constitutes a bore. The enlightenment of daily experience is sufficient for the purpose. They learn by dint of sufferings, which, at school and elsewhere—flogging it in—has long been regarded as the best method of disseminating intelligence and of making people smart. We, therefore, content ourselves with repeating—

That's a bore!

Not from the forest of Ardennes—quadrupedal and porcine. It is neither Mirabeau nor William de la Marck—nor yet is it a personal likeness, representative of each existing bore, or of all the varieties of bore. Portraiture so comprehensive is impossible. Regard it rather as the ideal of Cruikshank—a type and a symbol, having reference to bores at large—to “General Bore,” of the combined forces, if we may be permitted to furnish an available title to the fanciful embodiment. We have, in truth, before us, a sketch of universal boredom, condensed into a form, that when we speak of bores, the whole matter may present itself, physically, to the eye. So—

That's a bore!

A modern bore—descended possibly from the Roman augurs, who bored in classic times. But, leaving the historical and genealogical question to more learned arbitra-

ment, it can not be disputed that the bore is of an ancient race, perforating, as it were, in days beyond the flood, and having now the whole earth as an inheritance. Such multitudes of bores—and then so unkindly, too—unfilial and unthankful. Was there ever bore—we do not believe it—a bore, but of the lesser sort—a gimlet, simply—who could be prevailed upon to acknowledge (candidly and honestly, and with no blush of shame at the relationship) that he was a downright bore, or anything of a bore? Never. Though the fact that he is a bore be apparent as the sun at noonday, still will he insist upon it—boring all the while, most likely—that he is not now, that he never has been, that he never can be, and never will be, a bore—as if, zoologically speaking, a decided bore, born a bore and educated a bore, could very well help being a bore. Bristle as he may, to be so accused, yet he must be a bore; and the best he can do, if there can be a best to the worst, is to cherish ambition in his calling, to place it beyond the reach of controversy, that Linkum Fidelius is a tremendous bore—superlative—equal to Brunel and the tunnel of the Thames.

But as the annals of confession afford no instance of pleading guilty to a snore—nobody snores; though the s'norous resonance may keep the watch from sleeping—so the peculiarity of boring is broadly denied by its most persevering practitioners. It is professed by none except by those who bore the earth for Artesian wells, and by those who bore their bills through whole houses of legislation.

Nevertheless, gentle reader, smile not too securely in scorn of bores. What if it should be said that you are a bore—that we are a bore—that all of us—everything and everybody—are bores inevitably, at certain times and at certain seasons. It is melancholy, but it is true, that be as amiable and as fascinating as possibility will allow—and who more delightful than yourself, or than ourself, when we choose to set about it?—still, it is not to be disputed that there are occasions when people—they, perchance, that love us best at

other moments—will regard us both as bores—tiresomely, and with a yawn—"Good gracious, what a bore; or again, querulous and fretful—"A shocking bore!" It has been so, in word and in thought, has it not, with you? And there are no exceptions to the rule, flatter yourself never so much.

It is hydropathic, we must admit—Priessnitz, Graefenberg, and all that sort of aquatic treatment, thus to be sluiced, spiritually, with cold water, by hearing such outcry as we close the door, or to read such thought—the board have an expression—in neighbor faces as we rise to go. After all our efforts—after this deal of trouble in what we regard as our irresistible style of conversational operation—after so much care in costume (did we ever look so well?)—so much grace in attitude, moreover—topics, besides, so judiciously selected, and we so full of wit and poignancy; and then to discover—worse than annihilation!—that it is boring we have been, from first to last!—and that while we proudly hoped to gain all hearts, people were inquiring of themselves "when will he go?" coupled with unexpressed desires that you were in safe deposite at "Jericho," or borne away to a further remoteness. From this, observe ye, the uninitiated may understand what is meant by a "sinking in poetry." It is bathos realized and brought home in the utilitarian sense. To speak of "feeling flat," is descriptive enough of what humanity endures at an ordinary "flash in the pan." When a joke snaps, and people sit in dismayed silence at your inexplicable audacity—"what did he mean?"—while your cheeks are tingling—or when young gentlemen break down suddenly in an effort at dashing ease and elegance—flatness is frequent and familiar; but to be thus hurled from the topmost summit of complacent self-esteem, is a Tarpeian fall that makes a hollow in the ground, depressing far beyond the flat.

But grumble not—these are results which are not always to be avoided. The best of people, beaming in beauty or

sparkling with wit—even our friendships, and not excluding loves—yea, more attractive than all these, in the preference yielded to indispensables over the luxuries' of existence—the very call to dinner, tap, tap, in the midst of our employment—if coming at the unpropitious time—are bores, just then. Who are not bores, when gentlemen have something else to do, or when the lady is surprised in “wrappers”—when you wish to dress, or have engagements more attractive?

Be content. There is no complete emancipation from boredom—from boring, or from being bored; and our wisdom teaches to balance one against the other, submitting patiently; or, in a more revengeful spirit, setting forth relentless, to inflict on others the same species of calamity that has been administered to you.

It is well, however, to refine perception, so that it may be discovered in the features of the sufferers—you could not well feel pulses—when they have had as much as constitution will enable them to bear. Note their writhings, and be as merciful as can be afforded. It is economic, also: people once bored to death are beyond reach, to be bored no more; but if allowed to escape before complete inanition is induced, one may call again to-morrow, to practise on the victim. Note when the “boree” fidgets in its chair, playing with books or twiddling with its darling little thumbs—adjusting lights which do not need adjustment—vague in answer, or abstract in look—with remarks apart, which bear not on the question—with awful pause, spasmodically broken by “How’s your uncle, or your aunt?” or, “When did you see Jones?”—when it comes to this—there!—you’d better go—it is “sufficeance” now; and it may be homicide, if more protracted. It is folly when such discoveries are made—that boredom has reached its climax—to sit hour after hour in nervous meditation on retreat, as you have, yet fearing the attempt, as you often do. Vanish, gracefully or disgracefully. “Stand not,” as Lady Macbeth judiciously

remarked, when bored that her husband misbehaved before the tea-party—"stand not on the order of your going, but go at once." It is useless—who has not tried it?—to wait until incident occurs to afford facility for retirement, unless there is boldness enough to elbow something over that will break. Nor can reliance for a start be placed on any but ourselves; for how often is it found that each is waiting for the other, and that a single move dissolves the whole array? In vain—the boys, vociferous enough at other times, are not disposed to raise alarms of fire for your accommodation; and we do not know that earthquakes come by wishing for a shock.

When thoughts like these are springing to the mind, it admits not of question—we are boring terribly; and if no better way suggests itself, it is wise to faint at once, that we may be carried out—the open air will do us good. Set it in a note-book, that whenever it is felt that our chair and ourselves are becoming one and indivisible—that we would rejoice to escape if we had hardihood for the deed, but that escape becomes more awkward and impracticable as the time wears on, then are we bores upon the larger scale, fit to be used in pump construction. Then, should our literary researches be confined to Xenophon and the retreat of the ten thousand, or to the study of Moreau in the Black forest. How got the French away from Moscow?

But not to drive any one to despair as an irremediable bore—we should regret to hear of an unusual recourse to pistols, cord, or poisons, following close upon the promulgation of this boring-article—not then to induce summary methods of shuffling coils, with smooth bore or with rifle, it affords pleasure to add that there is hope of redemption for those who are yet capable of feeling the sensations which we have thus imperfectly attempted to describe. They are accidental bores—involuntary—and without malice pre-pense. They have compunctious visitings afterward—they call themselves hard names—dolt, perhaps, or booby—in

returning home—"how could I?"—and in disrobing them for bed, each silliness, real or supposed, that they may have uttered—each folly of excitement—each *platitude*—verging on the green, or tending to the soft—that has been perpetrated, rises up remorseful—spectre-like and in gigantic exaggeration—to self-accusing eyes.—If we had not said this, or if we had not done that—if we had retired in only tolerable time, or could have comprehended the suppressed irony that induced us "not to be in a hurry," when it had already been proved, to a very great extent, that we were not in a hurry, by any manner of means. The gapings, too—checked, but yet perceptible—unnoticed, but remembered—how well we understand them now!—"Alas, gosling, goose, and gander, that I am, to have taken compliment for reality, and to have 'walked in, won't you,' when 'walk off' was the true translation of the phrase!" and Boreman buries his head in the pillow, as if it were possible when bored by one's self—the worst of all possible bores—to get rid of one's self, by any practicable process.

To such as these, as before announced, there is hope of redemption. But what may be called the "Bore Proper"—the bore ingrain—he who does it a purpose, and, as it were, makes a living at it, thinking that the world rejoices in him and would not have it otherwise, he is fit only for the Hospital of Incurables, and must be given up.

But now let us make inquiries, on the score of humanity and benevolence, as to

Who bores?

What bores?

The one idea is exceedingly apt to bore—a single barrelled bore shoots close—as, for instance, when you see him coming, and know to an exactitude the very thing he will talk about, endeavoring, for the hundredth time, to afford enlightenment on a subject we already understand, or relative to which we care not the value of a button. That's a bore, as it ambuscades us in the street, or trenches upon

time intended for other purposes. It is prudent, therefore, to be chary and watchful of your one idea. However important it may seem to its possessor, other folks may have a different bias, and are not likely to desire to trot far upon any hobby-horse but their own; and so philosophers, politicians, philanthropists, inventors, speculators, and innovators, of every description and degree, are all given more or less to boring. And though politeness may seem to feel an interest, it is a fair presumption, more than half the time, that politeness is not to be believed. We are obliged to politeness always, for its sacrifices, but have little faith in its complaisance. It may say "bore," when we are gone—it does so generally.

Self—how delicious to chatter of one's self!—delicious, but full of danger—self, then, as a theme for speeches, is, in the most of cases, quite boreal—hyperboreal—other selves being present, each one of which prefers itself to every other self, and only listens to yourself, that, on the reciprocity principle, it may afterward be permitted to talk of itself. Try to remember that all these people round about, are selves of their own, complete and perfect in their individuality, and that as they are to you, so are you to them—simply an external circumstance—a shadow and an accident. If you catch yourself talking of yourself, recollect yourself before you commit yourself, and ask yourself how you would like it, if yourself were bored after this fashion. It is hard, undoubtedly; but it is necessary to learn how to put yourself in your pocket.

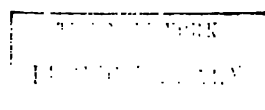
"The shop"—mind the shop—is assuredly a bore, if much of the shop be offered. We all have shops, of one kind or of another, which, in the main, is quite enough; and few there are who care much to be indoctrinated with the particulars of the circumjacent shops. When leaving the shop, then, let us be sure that all appertaining to the shop is also left. In society, the gentleman—and not to be a bore is essential to that coveted character—is one who vol-

unters no evidence of his avocation. He talks not of bullocks—prates not of physic or of surgery—refrains from cotton, and leaves his stocks in the money-market, except briefly and in reply to question—and for the plain reason that he is aware that others have shops—that they love their shops as much as he loves his shop, and that if shops are to be lugged in, why not their shops as well as his shop?—While thus “sinking the shop,” it may be taken rather as an ill compliment to be questioned much about the shop, there being reason to suspect that an imagination exists that you can talk of nothing else but the shop. Think of it by day—dream of it, if you will, by night—and above all, attend to it industriously; but do not take it with you into other people’s houses.

We might perhaps keep boring on, like Signor Benedict, who would still be talking—that was a bore—when nobody heeded him—for these general charges admit of minute specification: We could speak of invalid bores, who find delight in the recapitulation of sufferings; who dote on the doctor, and who bore for sympathy when there is none to spare, and as if none were hurt but them—of melancholy bores, who seek to draw a funeral veil across the joyous day—of misanthropic bores, who sulk and groan—of argumentative bores—combative and disputatious—who can not acquiesce, and must contest each point, in a war of posts, with armor ever on—of literary bores, who lend you books, and after catechize, to see that you have read them—be sure at least to cut the leaves before you send the volume back—of oratorical bores, who practise speeches and grind logic on you—of the bore critical, who would better all things, and of the bore grammatical, who parses what you say—of bores too formal and the bore familiar. But it all resolves itself to this—that he who talks only to please himself, like him who sings or whistles at your elbow, is tending boreward, engrossed in his own gratification, and that the truly kind and considerate are not apt to bore, except by accident. A

little thought, and they will know what to talk about, and when to leave off talking; while the opinionated and the selfish will persist in boring — for they lack perception and benevolence; and perhaps, as a general rule, it may be set down, paradoxically, and differing from guns, that

THE GREATEST BORES HAVE THE SMALLEST CALIBRE.





“ Look at the Clock ;” or, A “ Pretty Time of Night.”

LOOK AT THE CLOCK:

OR, A PRETTY TIME OF NIGHT.

"TINKLE!"

There are people, of the imaginative sort, who undertake to judge of people's character from people's hand of write, pretending to obtain glimpses of the individual's distinctive traits through the rectilinear and curvilinear processes of that individual's pen; and we shall not, for "our own poor part," undertake to deny that "idiosyncrasy," meaning thereby the mental and physical peculiarities of our nature, may be discoverable in whatever we do, if there were wit enough to find it out. We are probably pervaded by a style as much our own and none of our neighbor's, as the style of our nose, making each man, each woman, and each child, himself, herself, and itself, alone; and perhaps the time may come, if it be not here already, when the wise ones—professors and so forth—will be able to discover from a glimpse of our thumbs, what we are likely to prefer for dinner. Indeed, we know it to be theoretical in certain schools—in the kitchen, for instance, which is the most orthodox and sensible of the schools—that, as a general rule, the leading features of character are indicated by the mode in which we pull a bell, and that, to a considerable extent, we may infer the kind of person who is at the door—just as we do the kind of fish that bobs the cork—by the species of vibration which is given to the wire. Rash, impetuous, choleric, and destructive, what chance has the poor little bell in such hands? But the considerate, modest, lowly, and retiring—do you ever know such people to break things? Depend

upon it, too, that our self-estimate is largely indicated by our conduct in this respect. If it does not betray what we really are, it most assuredly discloses the temper of the mind at the moment of our ringing.

"Tinkle!"

Did you hear?

Nothing could be more amiable or unobtrusive than that. It would scarcely disturb the nervous system of a mouse; and whoever listened to it, might at once understand that it was the soft tintinnabulary whisper of a gentleman of the convivial turn and of the "locked out" description, who, conscious probably of default, is desirous of being admitted to his domiciliary comforts upon the most pacific and silent terms that can be obtained from those who hold the citadel and possess the inside of the door.

"Tinkle!"

Who can doubt that he—Mr. Tinkle—would take off his boots and go up stairs in his stocking-feet, muttering rebuke to every step that creaked? What a deprecating mildness there is in the deportment of the "great locked out!" How gently do they tap, and how softly do they ring; while, perchance, in due proportion to their enjoyment in untimely and protracted revel, is the penitential aspect of their return. There is a "never-do-so-any-more-ishness" all about them—yea—even about the bully boys "who wouldn't go home till morning—till daylight does appear," singing up to the very door; and when they

"Tinkle!"

It is intended as a hint merely and not as a broad announcement—insinuated—not proclaimed aloud—that somebody who is very sorry—who "didn't go to help it," and all that—is at the threshold, and that if it be the same to you, he would be exceeding glad to come in, with as little of scolding and rebuke as may be thought likely to answer the purpose. There is a hope in it—a subdued hope—

"Tinkle!"

—that perchance a member of the family—good-natured as well as insomnolent—may be spontaneously awake, and disposed to open the door without clamoring up Malcolm, Donalbain, and the whole house. Why should every one know? But—

“Tinkle—tinkle!!”

Even patience itself—on a damp, chilly, unwholesome night—patience at the street-door, all alone by itself and disposed to slumber—as patience is apt to be after patience has been partaking of potations and of collations—even patience itself can not be expected to remain tinkling there—“pianissimo”—hour after hour, as if there were nothing else in this world worthy of attention but the ringing of bells. Who can be surprised that patience at last becomes reckless and desperate, let the consequences—rhinoceroses or Hyrcan tigers—assume what shape they may?

There is a furious stampede upon the marble—a fierce word or two of scathing Saxon, and then—

“Rangle—ja-a-a-ngle—ra-a-a-ng!!!”——the sound being of that sharp, stinging, excruciating kind, which leads to the conclusion that somebody is “worse” and is getting in a rage.

That one, let me tell you, was Mr. Dawson Dawdle, in whom wrath had surmounted discretion, and who, as a forlorn hope, had now determined to make good his entrance—assault, storm, escalade—at any hazard and at any cost. Dawson Dawdle was furious now—“savagerous”—as you have been, probably, when kept at the door till your teeth rattled like castinets and cachuchas.

Passion is picturesque in attitude, as well as poetic in expression. Dawson Dawdle braced his feet one on each side of the door-post, as a purchase, and tugged at the bell with both hands, until windows flew up in all directions, and nightcapped heads, in curious variety, were projected into the gloom. Something seemed to be the matter at Dawdle’s.

“Who’s sick?” cried one.

"Where's the fire?" asked another.

"The Mexicans are come!" shouted a third. But Dawson Dawdle had reached that state of intensity which is regardless of every consideration but that of the business in hand, and he continued to pull away, as if at work by the job, while several observing watchmen stood by in admiration of his zeal. Yet there was no answer to this pealing appeal for admittance—not that Mrs. Dawson Dawdle was deaf—not she—nor dumb either. Nay, she had recognised Mr. Dawdle's returning step—that husband's "foot," which should, according to the poet—

"Have music in't
As he comes up the stair."

But Dawdle was allowed to make his music in the street, while his wife, obdurate, listened with a smile bordering, we fear, a little upon exultation, at his progressive lessons and rapid improvements in the art of ringing "triple-bob-majors."

"Let him wait," remarked Mrs. Dawson Dawdle; "let him wait—'twill do him good. I'm sure I've been waiting long enough for him."

And so she had; but, though there be a doubt whether this process of waiting had "done good" in her own case, yet if there be truth or justice in the vengeful practice which would have us act toward others precisely as they deport themselves to us—and every one concedes that it is very agreeable, however wrong, to carry on the war after this fashion—Mrs. Dawson Dawdle could have little difficulty in justifying herself for the course adopted. •

Only to think of it, now.

Mrs. Dawson Dawdle is one of those natural and proper people who become sleepy of evenings, and who are rather apt to yawn after tea. Mr. Dawson Dawdle, on the other hand, is of the unnatural and improper species, who are not sleepy or yawny of evenings—never so, except of mornings. Dawson insists on it, that he is no chicken to go to roost at

sound down; while Mrs. Dawson Dawdle rises with the lark. The larks he prefers, are larks at night. Now, as a corrective to these differences of opinion, Dawson Dawdle had been cunningly deprived of his pass-key, that he might be induced "to remember not to forget" to come home betimes — a thing he was not apt to remember, especially if good companionship intervened.

Thus, Mrs. Dawdle was "waiting up" for him.

* * * * *

To indulge in an episode here, *apropos* to the general principle involved, it may be said, pertinently enough, that this matter of waiting, if you have nerves — "waiting up," or "waiting down," choose either branch of the dilemma — is not to be ranged under the head of popular amusements, or classified in the category of enlivening recreation. To wait — who has not waited? — fix it as we will — is always more or less of a trial; and whether the arrangement be for "waiting up" — disdainful of sleep — or for "waiting down" — covetous of dozes — it rarely happens that the intervals are employed in the invocation of other than left-handed blessings, on the head of those who have caused this deviation from comfortable routine; or that, on their tardy arrival — people conscious of being waited for, always stay out as long, and as provokingly as they can — we find ourselves at all disposed to amiable converse, or complimentary expression.

And reason good. If we lie down, for instance, when my young lady has gone to a "polka party," or my young gentleman has travelled away to an affair of the convivialities, do we ever find it conducive to refreshing repose, this awkward consciousness, overpending like the sword of Damocles, that sooner or later the disturbance must come, to call us startlingly from dreams? Nor after we have tossed and tumbled into a lethargy, is it to be set down as a pleasure to be aroused, all stupid and perplexed, to scramble down the stairway for the admission of delinquents, who — the fact

admits of no exception—ring, ring, ring, or knock, knock, knock away, long after you have heard them, and persist in goading you to phrenesies, by peal upon peal, when your very neck is endangered by rapidity of movement in their behalf. It is a lucky thing for them when they so ungratefully ask, “why you didn’t make haste,” as they always do, or mutter about being “kept there all night,” as they surely will, that despotic powers are unknown in these regions, and that you are not invested with supreme command. But now get thee, to sleep again, as quickly as thou canst, though it may be that the task is not the easiest in the world.

“Waiting up,” too, this likewise has its delectations. The very clock seems at last to have entered into the conspiracy—the hands move with sluggish weariness, and there is a laggard sound in the swinging of the pendulum, which almost says that time itself is tired, as it ticks its progress to the drowsy ear. There is a bustle in the street, no doubt, as you sit down doggedly to wakefulness; and many feet are pattering from theatre and circus. For a time the laugh is heard, and people chatter as they pass, boy calling unto boy, or deep-mouthed men humming an untuned song. Now doors are slammed, and shutters closed, and bolts are shooting, in earnest of retirements for the night. Forsaken dogs bark round and round the house, and vocal cats beset the portico. The rumbling of the hack dwindles in the distance, as the cabs roll by from steamboat wharf and railroad depot. You are deserted and alone—tired of book, sated with newspaper, indisposed to thought. You nod—ha! ha!—bibetty bobetty!—as your hair smokes and crackles in the lamp. But it is folly now to peep forth. Will they never come? No—do they ever, until all reasonable patience is exhausted? Yes—here they are!—pshaw!—sit thee still—it is but a straggling step; and hour drags after hour, until you have resolved it o’er and o’er again, that this shall be the last of your vigils, let who will request it as a favor, that you will be good enough to sit up for them. I wouldn’t do it.

So it is not at all to be marvelled at that Mrs. Dawson Dawdle—disposed, as we know her to be, to sleepiness at times appropriate to sleep—was irate at the nonappearance of Mr. Dawson Dawdle, or that, after he had reached home, she detained him vengefully at the street-door, as an example to such dilatoriness in general, for it is a prevailing fault in husbandry, and that, in particular, being thus kept out considerably longer than he wished to keep out—too much of a good thing being good for nothing—he might be taught better, on the doctrine of curing an evil by aggravation—both were aggravated.

But the difficulty presents itself here, that Mr. Dawson Dawdle has a constitutional defect, beyond reach of the range of ordinary remedial agents. Being locked out, is curative to some people, for at least a time—till they forget it, mostly. But Dawson Dawdle is the man who is always too late—he must be too late—he would not know himself if he were not too late—it would not be he, if he were not too late. Too late is to him a matter of course—a fixed result in his nature. He had heard of “soon,” and he believed that perhaps there might occasionally be something of the sort—spasmodic and accidental—but, for his own part, he had never been there himself. And as for “too soon,” he regarded it as imaginative altogether—an incredibility. The presumption is, that he must have been born an hour or so too late, and that he had never been able to make up the difference. In fact, Dawson Dawdle is a man to be relied on—no mistake as to Dawson Dawdle. Whenever he makes an appointment, you are sure he will not keep it, which saves a deal of trouble on your side of the question; and at the best, if an early hour be set, any time will answer in the latter part of the day. Dawson Dawdle forgets, too: how complimentary it is to be told that engagements in which we are involved are so readily forgotten! Leave it to the Dawdles to forget; and never double the affront by an excuse that transcends the original offence. Or else Dawson

Dawdle did not know it was so late; and yet Dawson might have been sure of it. When was it otherwise than late with the late Mr. Dawson Dawdle?

"Well," said he, at the bell-handle all this time, "well, I suppose it's late again—it rings as if it was late; and somehow or other, it appears to me that it always is late, especially and particularly when my wife tells me to be sure to be home early—'you, Dawson, come back soon, d'ye hear?' and all that sort o' thing. I wish she wouldn't—it puts me out, to keep telling me what I ought to do; and when I have to remember to come home early, it makes me forget all about it, and discomboborates my ideas so that I'm a great deal later than I would be if I was left to my own sagacity. Let me alone, and I'm great upon sagacity; but yet what is sagacity when it has no key and the dead-latch is down? What chance has sagacity got when sagacity's wife won't let sagacity in? I'll have another pull at the bell—exercise is good for one's health."

This last peal—as peals, under such circumstances, are apt to be—was louder, more sonorous, and in all respects more terrific, than any of its "illustrious predecessors," practice in this respect tending to the improvement of skill on the one hand, just as it adds provocation to temper on the other. For a moment, the fate of Dawson Dawdle quivered in the scale, as the eye of his exasperated lady glanced fearfully round the room for a means of retaliation and redress. Nay, her hand rested for an instant upon a pitcher, while thoughts of hydropathies, douches, shower-baths, Graefenbergs, and Priessnitzes, in their medicinal application to dilatory husbands, presented themselves in quick aquatic succession like the rushings of a cataract. Never did man come nearer to being drowned than Mr. Dawson Dawdle.

"But no," said she, relenting; "if he were to ketch his death o' cold, he'd be a great deal more trouble than he is now—husbands with bad colds—coughing husbands and

sneezing husbands—are the stupidest and tiresomest kind of husbands—bad as they may be, ducking don't improve 'em. I'll have recourse to moral suasion; and if that won't answer, I'll duck him afterward."

Suddenly and in the midst of a protracted jangle, the door flew widely open, and displayed the form of Mrs. Dawson Dawdle, standing sublime—silent—statuesque—wrapped in wrath and enveloped in taciturnity. Dawdle was appalled.

"My dear!" and his hand dropped nervelessly from the bell-handle, "my dear, it's me—only me."

Not a word of response to the tender appeal—the lady remained obdurate in silence—chilly and voiceless as the marble, with her eyes sternly fixed upon the intruder. Dawson Dawdle felt himself running down.

"My dear—he! he!" and Dawson laughed with a melancholy quaver—"it's me that's come home—you know me—it's late, I confess—it's most always late—and I—ho! ho!—why don't you say something, Mrs. Dawson Dawdle?—Do you think I'm going to be skeered, Mrs. Dawdle?"

As the parties thus confronted each other, Mrs. Dawdle's "masterly inactivity" proved overwhelming. For reproaches, Dawson was prepared—he could bear part in a war of opinion—the squabble is easy to most of us—but where are we when the antagonist will not deign to speak, and environs us, as it were, in an ambuscade, so that we fear the more because we know not what to fear?

"Why don't she blow me up?" quèried Dawdle to himself, as he found his valor collapsing—"why don't she blow me up like an affectionate woman and a loving wife, instead of standing there in that ghostified fashion?"

Mrs. Dawdle's hand slowly extended itself toward the culprit, who made no attempt at evasion or defence—slowly it entwined itself in the folds of his neck-handkerchief, and, as the unresisting Dawson had strange fancies relative to bow-strings, he found himself drawn inward by a sure and steady grasp. Swiftly was he sped through the dark-

some entry and up the winding stair, without a word to comfort him in his stumbling progress.

"Dawson Dawdle!—Look at the clock!—A pretty time of night, indeed, and you a married man. Look at the clock, I say, and see."

Mrs. Dawson Dawdle, however, had, for the moment, lost her advantage in thus giving utterance to her emotion; and Mr. Dawson Dawdle, though much shaken, began to recover his spirits.

"Two o'clock, Mr. Dawdle—two!—isn't it two, I ask you?"

"If you are positive about the fact, Mrs. Dawdle, it would be unbecoming in me to call your veracity in question, and I decline looking. So far as I am informed, it generally is two o'clock just about this time in the morning—at least, it always has been whenever I stayed up to see. If the clock is right, you'll be apt to find it two just as it strikes two—that's the reason it strikes, and I don't know that it could have a better reason."

"A pretty time!"

"Yes—pretty enough," responded Dawdle; "when it don't rain, one time of night is as pretty as another time of night—it's the people that's up in the time of night, that's not pretty; and you, Mrs. Dawdle, are a case in point—keeping a man out of his own house. It's not the night that's not pretty, Mrs. Dawdle, but the goings-on, that's not—and you are the goings-on. As for me, I'm for peace—a dead-latch key and peace; and I move that the goings-on be indefinitely postponed, because, Mrs. Dawdle, I've heard it all before—I know it like a book; and if you insist on it, Mrs. Dawdle, I'll save you trouble, and speak the whole speech for you right off the reel, only I can't cry good when I'm jolly."

But Dawson Dawdle's volubility, assumed for the purpose of hiding his own misgivings, did not answer the end which he had in view; for Mrs. Dawson Dawdle, having had a glimpse at its effects, again resorted to the "silent system" of con-

nubial management. She spoke no more that night, which Dawson, perchance, found agreeable enough. But she would not speak any more the day after, which perplexed him when he came down too late for breakfast, or returned too late for dinner.

"I do wish she would say something," muttered Dawdle; "something cross, if she likes—anything, so it makes a noise. It makes a man feel bad, after he's used to being talked to, not to be talked to in the regular old-fashioned way. When one's so accustomed to being blowed up, it seems as if he was lost or didn't belong to anybody, if no one sees to it that he's blowed up at the usual time. Bachelors, perhaps, can get along well enough without having their comforts properly attended to in this respect. — What do they know, the miserable creatures, about such warm receptions, and such little endearments? When they are out too late, nobody's at home preparing a speech for them; but I feel just as if I was a widower, if I'm not talked to for not being at home in time."

So Dawson Dawdle was thus impelled to efforts at reform, because his defaults and his deficiencies could elicit no rebuke but that of an impenetrable silence; and, in consequence, he has of late been several times almost in time, and he begins to hope that he may be in time yet before he dies.

As for Mrs. Dawson Dawdle, whose example is commended to whom it may concern, she has adopted the "silent system" of discipline, as a part of her domestic economy. She says nothing. Talk as she may when Dawdle is from home, he must be a good Dawdle—a love of a Dawdle—to induce her to the use of her tongue when he is about the house. The intensity of the silence announces to him how far he has offended; and the only notice now that is accorded to his errors in the computation of hours and minutes, is the hand upon the neck-handkerchief, and that solemn and startling request before alluded to, which invites him to

"LOOK AT THE CLOCK!"

SHERRIE KOBLER:

OR, A SEARCH AFTER FUN.

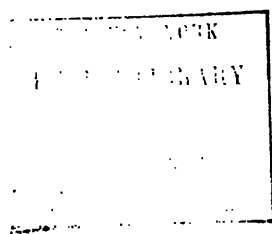
SHERRIE KOBLER, did you say?

Yes — Sherrie Kobler. The name, of course, strikes you as familiar; and if it has been your fortune to be much “about,” as the phrase goes, in the bustling scenes of a gay metropolis, it is more than probable that you have, more or less, had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance with the illustrious individual — Sherrie Kobler — to whom we now refer.

But let us be respectful to a colossal genius of the times, and accord to him all the typographical extension to which his worth is entitled. Leave it to cotemporaneous levity to curtail men’s names of fair proportion, and to stab at dignity by the vile processes of that abbreviation which terms you Dick, and calls me Tom, as if we were too slight and insignificant to have ourselves spelt out in full. Sheridan Kobler, with all its longitude — at least, in the preliminaries of introduction, however much we may fall into the vulgar custom as we proceed in narrative — Sheridan Kobler, then, is a personage of intrinsic force; and, though bearing the name of a wit, a statesman, a dramatist, and a *bon vivant*, he is one of the precious few who have proved themselves equal to their prenomens, and have been at all able to realize the promise held out by the error of their parents. The paths of distinction lie comparatively open to your Sams, your Bens, and your Abrahams — but if the name be ambitious — borrowed, as it were, from the memory of departed greatness — a double load is imposed upon its unfortunate



Sherrie Kobler ; or, a Search after Fun.



possessor, and he is doomed not only to work himself forward, but likewise continually to provoke disadvantageous comparison with him who has gone before; and hence it is that this system of complimentary nomenclature has shown itself so barren of results. It is, for the most part, the plain name—the simple, unassuming name—the name without swagger, without dash, without complication—the name awakening no recollections of antecedent glory—that buoys itself upward into the ethereal regions of renown. But Sheridan Kobler has that within which is superior to impediment, and triumphant over obstacles—Sheridan Kobler is an impulse and an energy; and if he had done nothing else to entitle him to a world's admiration and remembrance, the mere fact that he first prepared, combined, and imbibed, the potation that bears his own title—Sherrie Kobler—would be sufficient to find him a place in grateful mouths long after the Cæsars and Napoleons of the earth are forgotten.

Who—let us ask—who calls for them—who—thirsty and impatient—cries aloud for a “Julius Cæsar,” or a “Napoleon Bonaparte,” to quench the fever of his frame? As well might he seek refreshment in dust and ashes, as in these, or cast himself in fiery furnaces, as ask the warrior's aid in such extremity. But it is not thus with Sherrie Kobler—“a Sherrie Kobler”—“two Sherrie Koblers”—“Sherrie Koblers for six”—“keep bringing Sherrie Koblers”—there's glory for you, in its broadest sense and in its most extended compass; and so does Sherrie Kobler, crowned with a decanter, roll onward to the unborn centuries, cresting the “tenth wave” of imperishable renown. “Jefferson shoes” and “Wellington boots”—their soles and uppers—may pass into the realms of oblivion, as men decay and fashions change. Where is now that tinct of “Navarino smoke” which once enveloped beauty in its silken folds; and where the “Talavera trowsers” that almost showed how fields were won?—Gone—all gone—their memory scarce remains in shops. Some newer incident

usurps the place; and even the all sorts of "Lafayettes," that twenty years ago brought the "illustrious representative of two hemispheres" so frequently to view, what, we pray you, has become of them?—Ay—"so fades the glimmering landscape on the sight;" and it is rare—if not almost one of the impossibilities—so to impress ourselves upon the minds of men that the image may escape erasure, and that our memory shall remain as sharply cut and as freshly carved as at first.

We do not propose, therefore, to fly, like an exasperated hen, with contumelious boldness, into the wrinkled face of the established experiences, in honor of our present hero, the benignant Sherrie Kobler, of the nineteenth century. It may be that he, too, must undergo the lot of our common humanity and evaporate like the rest of us. But still, it may be at least assumed that he can not be altogether lost sight of, while bar-rooms remain and glasses retain their shape. Punch has long been in the heads of people, and why not Sherrie Kobler?—Let ambition take the hint. Why pile a pyramid, or build the mighty city? Why undergo phlebotomy in battles, or seek to be immortal in the evanescent puffs of transitory newspapers? These are but the shadows of a shade—the delusive phantasm of the moment; but Sherrie Kobler—he is enshrined in men—not, observe ye, in the deceitfulness of their hearts, or in the frigid reasoning of their intellect—but deeper, surer, safer, in the cravings of their stomach, there hoping to hold a state for ever—unless—at which poor Sherrie Kobler shivers—unless the second deluge of cold water which now surges round him, hydropathically—this Sherrie Kobler can not swim—should destroy him too, as it once destroyed a world.

But let us become acquainted with Sherrie Kobler himself, having announced the peculiar fact by which the reality of his existence has been carved upon the gate-posts of the age—for Sherrie Kobler is not a man of single merit—not a hero with "one virtue and a thousand crimes." Sherrie is

jovial, jocose, and jolly, at all points, like a chestnut bur or a porcupine—practically jocose and physically jolly; and it is singular how he contrived to pass over the minor considerations of annoyance to the rest of creation, in working out of them all the materials for fun which they were capable of producing. Indeed, the youthful Sherrie Kobler, who now does “not misbeseem the promise of his spring,” was a delightful boy, to those who discern genius in its fainter struggling and feebler developments. At that time of life, he was not endowed with a superfluity of strength; yet the lack of power was deliciously made up in adroitness; and he could pull away the chair on which an elderly individual was about to deposite himself, with a hand so neat and clever that the tumble consequent thereon could not fail to elicit general admiration. The crash was magnificent, though there were occasions on which the performance was productive somewhat of a suit of boxed ears, and various entertainments of that vivacious description, which are, perhaps, more practised than appreciated; and it was thus a source of frequent complaint on the part of Sherrie and his admirers—especially when stout ladies and maiden aunts were discomposed after his peculiar fashion—that “some people never know how to take a joke”—your joke probably not being “taken” when an equivalent is returned in sundry manipulations on the dexter and sinister aspects of your countenance.

The world is apt to treat us—Sherrie Kobler and all—as Tony Lumpkin was treated at the Hardcastles’—“we are always snubbed when we are in spirits.”

So it was when Sherrie put brimstone on the stove or powder in the scuttle—nay, the joke was rarely taken when he had even encountered the trouble, on the coldest of nights, to lodge extensive snowballs in the beds, or to pour water into every boot. People have no perception of fun whatever; and having undergone detriment by finding salt in their coffee or fishes in their pockets—nay, after having

been caused to tumble down stairs through the devices of ingenious trickery, they rarely laughed, while Sherrie Kobler was convulsed with merriment. Isn't it queer?

Not only so, but likewise when Sherrie endeavored to develop the martial spirit of the neighbor children, by inducing them to practise pugilism on each other, their mothers, weakly repugnant to the visual and nasal traces of the fray—variegations of black and crimson—were most vociferous in complaint, as if there must not be attendant drawbacks to the accomplishment of every good; and the case was not much better when Sherrie undertook to match Brown's dog against Smith's cat, down there in the cellar. Besides, what harm is there in administering Cayenne pepper to innocent urchins? Does it not make them friskier than they ever were before, in the whole course of their lives? And if there be such voracity in ducks, that they will gobble up the stump of a lighted cigar, or try to chew a burning coal, whose fault is it, we ask you, that ducks are foolish? Sherrie could not help it, if he desired to elicit fun, that his vicinity was always to be discovered by the roarings, yelpings, squealings, and scoldings, that invariably betokened his whereabouts; and if he put out his foot as you passed—why didn't you take better care?—it was you that fell down—not he.

Sherrie Kobler went at one time largely into the hoaxing business, and would, in your name, sometime amuse himself with advertising for cats or dogs in quantity, deliverable on your premises. Unwished-for cabs would call to convey you to most unwelcome places; and the undertaker would come breathless with regret at your sudden demise, yet quite willing to perform the job of this premature interment. Sherrie was likewise curious in what we may call peptic combinations, frequenting restaurants and oyster-cellars, to mix the castors after receipts of his own, which queerly united those various condiments that most people desire to commingle for themselves. He could also—accomplished youth—

sneeze so melodiously in church, as to provoke all the juveniles to laughter; and at an opera, he yawned so loudly and so judiciously at the most dulcet passages of the prima donna, that while some chuckled, others again cried "turn him out." It is he, likewise, that barks when the rest applaud.

It will be seen, then, that fun is the staple of Sherrie Kobler's existence, and that fun he must have, at any cost and at any hazard. Let the poet ask, if he will, "What is life without passion—sweet passion of love?" Sherrie Kobler is convinced that life is not endurable or worthy of toleration without a large modicum of that species of sport which, while it is fun to him, is apt to be, comparatively, death to others. "What fun can we have here?" is the first inquiry wherever he goes; and if the circumstances be not productive of the article, rely on it that Sherrie Kobler will surpass the leopard and change his spot immediately. Fun, to be sure, is, in his estimation, a very comprehensive phrase. If a horse runs away, that of course is fun, for somebody is hurt. So, too, with the upsetting of a vehicle. A riot, now, is fun alive, especially if a lad or two be carried home from it dead. There is a deal of fun, also, in a fire, should it be of the most destructive sort; and a street-fight answers the purpose exceedingly well, if nothing more exciting be at hand. Breaking things is fun, moreover, if it so turn out that Sherrie is not obliged to pay for them; and the fun is greatly enhanced, if the sufferer has no redress and is quite unable to bear the loss. Turbulence in steamboats, and tumult in railroad-cars—that's tolerable fun, for want of better, if there are timid women present to observe the manliness of the affair; and all descriptions of roaring disturbances, every one of these is fun, according to Sherrie Kobler and his followers, of whom there are a good many "about in spots," at this present writing.

And so, if suddenly metamorphosed into a dictionary, and called upon authoritatively to give a precise definition of the thing called fun, by the Sherrie Koblers and by "the boys"

in general, it might be said, in sweeping terms, that fun is nuisance, and that nuisance is fun. Fun, to be fun at all, must annoy every one (excepting the funny ones themselves), who chance to be within the sphere of its influence; and it rises in the scale of funniment, just in proportion as it increases in qualities of the disagreeable and painful sort. Thus Sherrie Kobler, being a funny one, rejoices in all manner of superfluous noises. He laughs with a reverberating yell and an explosive violence that remind one of the storming of Ciudad Roderigo, or the Battle of Prague—the louder and the more appalling is his scream in proportion to the insignificance of the cause of laughter, as if to make up in din for a deficiency in sport. The slamming of doors “in the dead waste and middle of the night,” is another of Sherrie Kobler’s enjoyments, as he rattles up and down stairs, like a drove of oxen or the battalion of flying artillery at drill; and he practices upon trumpets, bugles, cornets, and so forth, precisely as the “sma’ hours” of the morning begin to strike—enchanting Sherrie Kobler!

Sherrie has also a great fancy for the keeping of dogs—there’s such a deal of fun in dogs—in dogs that bark, for example—sharp, excruciating, and excoriating terriers, down below in the yard, which challenge every passing footstep or recurring noise, with a piercing eloquence that causes each nerve to tingle; or a forlorn pointer tied with a rope, that howls at moonbeams and yelps at the intervening cloud. There is a nocturnal pleasantry at Sherrie Kobler’s, which must be felt to be appreciated. The dog at distance leads the choir, and never calls for aid in vain. The hint once given, the full pack open at once, and a general cry prevails. Who, then, so happy as Sherrie Kobler, as he hears the sleepless neighborhood shout in vain from windows—“get out!”—“lie down!”—“shut up!”—whistling, coaxing, raging, for a little sleep, with dashings of water, and show-erings of bits of soap, of sticks, or brushes, or boots, just as the chamber furnishes material for such projectile demon-

strations? Ha! ha! fun alive for Sherrie Köbler. With such a night, he is content to doze all day.

Sherrie, you see, is fond of pets, because, as you may observe, when there are no other present means of eliciting fun, through the instrumentality of pets a secondary degree of fun may be extracted from the pet itself. A melancholy life, in the vast majority of cases, is the life of a pet—as sad almost as that of the retained jester of the olden time—and hence your pet—canine, particularly—is almost always cynical and misanthropic. Unhappy pet! it is for thee to be washed, and combed, and adorned, and kept in chambers, with ribands and with bells, while thy brothers and thy sisters riot in dust and liberty! It is for thee, too, to be taught tricks, all foreign to thy nature—to learn these sittings-up and lyings-down, and giving me your paw, and jumpings-over sticks! Harsh rebukes are for thee, with slaps and pinches—fondlings now, and cuffings then, with all those bodily disquiets which arise from uncongenial atmospheres and unwholesome feedings. Pampered and puffy pet—no wonder thou art cross, for thy whole existence is perchance a thwarting and a crossing of nature's design for thee!—a splendid misery is thine, poor pet, even when most caressed and vaunted. No wonder pets will run away whenever doors are open. There is no slavery like to theirs. Pray, pity pets; and pity, beyond all others, the pets of Sherrie Köbler, which are doomed, in one way or in another, to furnish fun, and which can not even take the naps of weariness and exhaustion, without a chance of Canton crackers to the nose or distressing canisters to the tail. Thank your stars, my sighing friend—that is, if you are ungrateful and repining—that we are not compelled to “hold opinion with Pythagoras,” or to have faith in the theory of transmigration; for would it not be doleful to change hereafter into the pet of funny men? Or what more fearful retribution could there be, than for the funny man himself—in quadrupedal metamorphosis—to be converted into the pet of men still funnier,

and more practical in joking than he has ever been? By the way, tyrannic—sir, shall we say, or madam—did it ever cross your mind, touching this realization of the "*Lex Talionis*," which will return you like for like, and cause you to feel remorsefully whatever pang you may have given to others? You, that chide and rail, beware lest the servant's post be yours—you, that spur the willing steed to death, would such goadings thrill pleasantly through your own person? And, Sherrie Koblers, what if you should hold the place of pet to Sherrie Koblers yet unborn? Think of it often—"what if my own measure be hereafter meted out to me?"—and check the selfish impulse.

Sherrie Kobler's last arrangement of this sort, is in the shape of a bull-terrier—an imported dog, direct from over sea, and full, of course, of savagenesses and prejudices—a carping, crusty dog, whose whole life is one of quarrel and of fence—a dog that never frisks or smiles. No man e'er saw a jocund wagging of the tail in him—no, nor a playful bound—obviously, a dog disgusted with the world—devoid of hope or love—of fear, favor, or affection.

"The funniest dog you ever saw," says Sherrie Kobler; "bite anybody but me; and when he once takes hold, he never lets go again. I never had so much fun with any dog in my life. He has had a bite out of almost everybody I know, and has swallowed samples of all my friends. He shakes 'em beautiful! You should see him astonish the match-boys and the apple-girls, when they come in at the front-door; and every day, as I sit at the window, that dog, who can do anything but talk, is sure to gather a crowd. Sometimes he takes a horse by the nose, or another dog by the throat, or some respectable old gentleman by the calf of the leg; and then the fun of it is to see 'em try to make him let go, with their cold water, big sticks, and all that. Yes, that dog—Ole Bull—is worth his weight in gold—the funniest dog anywhere's about."

When Sherrie Kobler feels dull or dejected—as the gay-

est sometimes will—for there is no sunshine without its occasional cloud—he calls up Ole Bull to entertain him, and laughs to see the illustrious Ole chase visitors down stairs. You may see him now, disporting himself with the coat-tails of one of Mr. Sherrie Kobler's chief creditors, preparatory to munching up a portion of the individual.

"Wonderful dog, that Ole Bull!" cried Sherrie Kobler: "he can tell a man with a bill in his pocket, just like a book—he can't bear anything bilious. Deal of fun in that dog."

But the chief creditor aforesaid had not a perceptive faculty in reference to the humorous, especially when the joke was at his own expense. He intimated indeed—the unreasonable creature—that it was a little too bad to be bitten so deeply, first by Ole Bull's master, and then by Ole Bull himself—the practice was too sharp altogether; and so he took measures to curtail Sherrie Kobler's enjoyment of life, and contributed to bring that amiable personage's public career as "a man about town" to a melancholy close and a disastrous twilight. Fun, we find, is not commercially productive, and is not yet regarded in the light of a legal tender for the payment of debts. Neither do bull-terriers pass current for bullion or relief-notes. Sherrie Kobler, therefore, could not pay, and consequently was allowed to joke no more at large; but as he left his lodgings, in charge of an officer, he took occasion to vent his exasperated feelings in a manner congenial to the circumstances, by dealing out a potent kick to his deposed favorite, Ole Bull; and Ole Bull—

"Ingratitude more strong than traitors' arms"—

did not hesitate to follow the lead thus given, according to the capabilities and resources with which he is gifted. Ole Bull borrowed a bit from his master.

The officer laughed—swore it was comical—roared over it as a good joke—thought Ole Bull the funniest dog he ever

saw in his life. But as for Sherrie Kobler—hold!—let a veil be drawn over the griefs we can not hope to depict.

The result proved that fun is fun, relatively—according to the position we occupy in regard to the act of fun. When Sherrie Kobler laughed and roared, it is sure that some one else was weeping; and perhaps it would not be amiss for all, as they pass through life, to endeavor to view both sides of every question, that our enjoyment may not be neutralized in the broad account by the suffering of others—a wisdom to which, it may be, that Sherrie Koblers rarely help us.

SINGLETON SNIPPE:

WHO MARRIED FOR A LIVING.

"USED to be —"

We have, as a general rule, an aversion to this species of qualifying phraseology, in which so many are prone to indulge. It seems to argue a disposition like to that of Iago, who "was nothing, if not critical;" and it indicates a tendency to spy out flaws and to look after defect—a disposition and a tendency at war, we think, with that rational scheme of happiness which derives its comfort from the reflection of the sunny side of things. "It was"—"she has been"—"he used to be"—and so forth, as if all merit were a reminiscence—if not past, at least passing away. Is that a pleasure? Would it not be quite as well to applaud the present aspect, and to be satisfied with the existing circumstances, instead of murmuring over the fact that once it was brighter?

But yet there is a difference—

Yes—decidedly—the matter here is beyond the possibility of a dispute.

There is a difference—lamentable enough, you may term it—between the Singleton Snippe that was, and the Singleton Snippe that is.

The Singleton Snippe that was, is not now an existence; and the probabilities are that he never will be again. Nothing is stable in this world but instability; and the livery-stable of to-day is converted into something else on the morrow, never more to be a stable, unstable stable. And so with men as well as with horses—for this perpetual revolution

of human affairs goeth not backward, except when the rope breaks on an inclined plane, making it a down-hill sort of a business. Snippe is on the down-hill—rather.

The Singleton Snippe that is, stands picturesquely and pictorially before you—patiently, as it were, and on a monument.

And now, was there ever—we ask the question of those who remember Snippe in his primitive and natural state—was there ever a merrier fellow than the said Singleton Snippe, in the original, if we may term it so—before the said Singleton was translated into his present condition, and became tamed down from his erratic, independent eccentricities to the patient tolerance of the band-box and the bundle? Who, thus remembering and thus contrasting Singleton Snippe as he was, with the Singleton Snippe as he is now portrayed, could possibly believe that there are processes in life—chymistries and alchymies—which could bring the man of to-day so diametrically opposite to the same man of yesterday; and cause the Singleton Snippe of the past to differ with such strangeness from the Singleton Snippe of the current era? Two Snippes, as plain as may be; but legally and responsibly the same Snippe. There was Snippe the bold—Snippe the reckless—Snippe the gay and hilarious—scoffing, joking, jeering Snippe—Snippe that was always on hand for mischief or for fun—Snippe, with the cigar in his mouth, or the champagne-glass in his grasp—yes, the very Snippe whom you have so often heard in the street, disturbing slumber by the loud and musical avowal of his deliberate determination not to “go home till morning,” as if it would, barring the advantage of the daylight, be any easier to him then, and whose existence was ever a scene of uproar and jollity, except in the repentant intervals of headache and exhaustion. And then, besides his ornamental purposes, he was such a useful member of society, this Singleton Snippe, in the consumption of the good things of this life at the restaurants and in the oyster saloon.

Was not that a Snippe—something like a Snippe?

But, alas for Snippe, the last representative of the illustrious firm of "Tom & Jerry." Who is there now—now that Snippe is withdrawn as a partner from the establishment—to maintain the credit of the house? Snippe is snubbed—snubbed is Snippe. Well, well, well—let the watchmen—sweet voices of the night—rejoice in their boxes, if they will, over their pine-kindlings, and their hot sheet-iron stoves—rejoice in their cosy slumbers, that the original Snippe no longer molests their ancient, solitary reign, by uncouth noises, preliminary, symphonious, and symptomatic to a row. And let the cabmen—want a cab, sir?—be merry, too, with rein in hand, or reclining against the friendly wall, that they are no more to be victimized by the practical jocularities of the school of Singleton Snippe. What relish have they for the gracefulness of existence—its little playful embellishments that bead and dimple the dull surface of the pond into the varieties of playful fantasy.

Such as these would describe a boy of the superlative order of merit, as "one that goes straight home and never stops to play on the road;" and we all know that Singleton Snippe never went straight home in the whole course of his experience.

Home!

Home, it should be understood, so much vaunted by the poets, and so greatly delighted in by the antipodes to Snippe, is regarded in quite a different light—humdrumish—by the disciples of Snippeism. Home, according to them, is not so much a spot to retire to, as a place to escape from—a centre of rendezvous, no doubt, with the washerwoman, the bootblack, and other indispensable people of that sort. Snippe's new clothes were always sent home; and long bills, provocative of long faces, were apt to follow them with the certainty of cause and effect.—But to stay at home himself—what—Snippe?—He stay at home? He was called for occasionally at that point—his breakfast was taken there,

when any degree of appetite remained from the preceding night; and a note would eventually reach its destination if left for him there. But it required a very unusual conjunction of circumstances to find Singleton Snippe at home more frequently than could be helped. Home, in Snippe's estimation, was the embodiment of a yarn—he never heard of it without the most extended of gapes. He could not speak of it without opening his mouth to the extent of its volume; and Snippe's mouth is not a diamond edition, but rather an octavo, if not rising to the dignity of a quarto, at least when he is drinking. "Home!" said he; "home's a bore. What fun is there at home, except dozing over the fire, or snoring on a sofa?"

Home, indeed!—Talk to Snippe about staying at home, if you would risk a home-icide. To be sure, when too ill to run about, Singleton Snippe remained unwillingly at home, as if it were an hospital; and he stayed at home once for the space of an evening, merely to try the experiment, when he was in health; but before he went to bed, Snippe had thoughts of sending for the coroner, to sit upon his body, but changed his mind and brewed a jorum of punch, which, after he had shod the cat with walnut shells, somewhat reconciled him to the monotony of domestic enjoyment. But Snippe never stayed at home again, not he. Home is where the heart is; and Snippe's heart was a traveller—a locomotive heart, preambulating; and it had no tendencies toward circumscription and confine. That put him out of heart altogether.

Wherever anything was going on—"a fight or a foot-race," according to popular phraseology, which thus distinguishes the desirable in the shape of spectacular entertainment—there was Snippe, with his hat set knowingly on one side, to indicate that if others felt out of their element on the occasion, he, Snippe, was perfectly at home, under all circumstances—the more at home, the more singular the occasion, and the more strange the circumstance; and his

hat was the more knowingly set on to indicate the extent of his superiority to vulgar prejudices. It was the hat of a practical philosopher—a thorough-bred man of the world, who could extract sport from anything, and who did not care, so that the occurrence afforded excitement, whether other people thought it reprehensible or not.—Yes, yes—there is much in a hat—talk of your physiognomy and your phrenology—what are they as indications of character, feeling, and disposition, compared to the “set” of one’s beaver? Look at courage, will you, with his hat drawn resolutely down upon its determined brow. Dare you dispute the way with such a hat as that? The meek one and the lowly, with his hat placed timidly on the back of his head—does not every bully practice imposition there? Hats turned up behind, indicate a scornful indifference to public opinion in all its phases—say what you will, who cares? While the hat turned up before, has in it a generous confidence, free from suspicion of contempt. Nay, more—when science has made a further progress, why should not the expression of the hat afford knowledge of the passing mood of mind in its wearer, the hat shifting and changing in position as the brain beneath forms new combinations of thought? Let the shop-boy answer; does he not discover at a glance, from the style in which his master wears his hat at the moment, whether he, the subordinate, is to be greeted with scoldings and reproaches, or with commendations and applause? Does not the hat paternal forbode the sunshine or the storm; and as the pedagogue approaches school, where is the trembling truant who does not discern “the morn’s disaster” from the cocking of that awful hat? There can not be a doubt of it. The science of the hat yet remains to be developed; and deep down in the realms of ignorance are they who have not reflected yet upon the clue afforded by the hat to what is passing in the soul of him who wears it.

Thus, you could distinguish Singleton Snippe’s hat at a horse-race, at a riot, or at a fire—equally delighted was that

hat at every species of uproar—in the street—the lobby—the bar-room, or wherever else that hat could spy out “fun,” the great staple of its existence, with this advantage, that it had an instinct of peril, and could extricate itself from danger without the slightest ruffling of its fur. Snippe was wise—Snippe preferred that all detriments should fall to the share of others, while the joke remained with him.

But at last a change reached even unto the hat of Snippe—change comes to all; a change, singularly enough, that took all other change from the pockets of Snippe. He was obliged to discover that the mere entertainments of life are not a commodity to live upon, and that however pleasant it may be to amuse one's self, the profits thereon accruing do not furnish continued means of delectation and delight. Snippe neglected his business, and consequently, his business, with a perversity peculiar to business, neglected Snippe—so that Snippe and Snippe's business had a falling out.

“This will never do,” declared Snippe, after deep reflection on the subject of ways and means—“never do in the world.”

But yet it did do—did do for Singleton Snippe, and effectually broke him up in the mercantile way, which involved all other ways; and so Mr. Snippe resolved to make the most available market that presented itself for the retrieval of past error. Snippe resolved to marry—advantageously, of course. Snippe was not poetical—he had no vein of romance in his constitution; he could live very well by himself, if he only had the means for that purpose; but not having the means, unfortunate Snippe, he determined to live by somebody else, living of some sort being a matter of necessity in Snippe's estimation, though no other person could discover what necessity there was for the living of Snippe. The world might revolve without a Snippe; and affairs generally would work smoothly enough, even if he were not present. Snippe labored under a delusion.

But still—not having much of philosophy in his composition to enable him to discover that, so far as the general economy of the universe is concerned, it was no matter whether Singleton Snippe obtained a living or not; and lacking the desire, if not also the ability, to work out that living by his own energies of head and hands, Snippe, according to his own theory, having too much of proper pride and of commendable self-respect to engage in toil, though some of the unenlightened gave it the less respectful designation of laziness, which, perhaps, is a nearer relative to the pride of the Snippes than is generally supposed—Snippe, as already intimated, made up his mind to marry aforesaid—upon the mercantile principle—bartering Snippe as a valuable commodity (without regard to the penal enactments against obtaining goods on false pretences), for a certain share of boarding and lodging, and of the other appliances required for the outfit and the sustenance of a gentleman of wit and leisure about town—Snippe offered to the highest bidder—Snippe put up, and Snippe knocked down—going—gone!

Now, although there are many who would not have had Singleton Snippe about the premises, even as a gift, and would have rejected him had he been offered as a Christmas-box, yet there was a rich widow, having the experience of three or four husbands, who did not hesitate on the experiment of endeavoring to fashion our Snippe into the shape and form of a good and an available husband. Mrs. Dawkins was fully aware of the nature of his past life, and of the peculiarities of his present position. She likewise formed a shrewd guess as to the reasons which impelled him to seek her well-filled hand, and to sigh after her plethoric purse—Snippe in search of a living; but confident in her own skill—justly confident, as was proved by the result—to reduce the most rebellious into a proper state of submissiveness and docility, she yielded her blushing assent to become the blooming bride of Singleton Snippe, and to un-

dertake the government of that insubordinate province, the state of man.

"I shall marry Mrs. Dawkins," thought Snippe; but, alas! how mistakenly; "I shall marry her," repeated he, "and, for a week or two, I'll be as quiet as a lamb, sitting there by the fire a twiddling of my thumbs, and saying all sorts of sweet things about 'love,' and 'ducky,' and so forth. But as soon after that as possible, when I've found out how to get at the cash, then Mrs. Dawkins may make up her mind to be astonished a little. That dining-room of hers will do nice for suppers and card-parties, and punch and cigars—we'll have roaring times in that room, mind I tell you we will. I'll have four dogs in the yard—two pinters, a poodle, and a setter; and they shall come into the parlor to sleep on the rug, and to hunt the cat whenever they want to. A couple of horses besides—I can't do without horses—a fast trotter, for fun, and a pacer for exercise; and a great many more things, which I can't remember now. But Mrs. Dawkins has a deal to learn, I can tell her. There's nothing humdrum about Singleton Snippe; and if she did henpeck my illustrious predecessors, she has got to find the difference in my case."

So Snippe emphasized his hat plump upon his brow, and looked like the individual, not Franklin, that defied the lightning.

"And I shall marry Singleton Snippe," also soliloquized Mrs. Dawkins, "who is described to me as one of the wildest of colts, and as being only in pursuit of my money. Well, I'm not afraid. A husband is a very convenient article to have about the house—to run errands, to call the coach, to quarrel with work-people, and to accompany me on my visits. Everybody ought to have a husband to complete the furniture; and as for his being a wild colt, as Mrs. Brummagen says, I should like to see the husband of mine who will venture to be disobedient to my will when he has to come to me for everything he wants. I'll teach Mr. Sin-

gleton Snippe to know his place in less than a week, or else Mr. Singleton Snippe is a very different person from the generality of men.

Thus Singleton Snippe and Mrs. Dorothea Dawkins became one, on the programme above specified; and thus Mr. Singleton Snippe, whose last dollar was exhausted in the marriage-fee, was enabled to obtain a living. Poor Snippe!

Glance, with tear in eye, if tears you have, at the portrait of the parties, now first laid before the public—note it in your books, how sadly Singleton Snippe is metamorphosed from the untamed aspect that formerly distinguished him in the walks of men, and tell us whether Driesbach, Van Amburgh, or Carter, ever effected a revolution so great as we find here presented. Observe the handbox, and regard the umbrella—see—above all—see how curiously and how securely Singleton Snippe's hand is enfolded in that of Mrs. Singleton Snippe, that she may be sure of him, and that he may not slip from her side, and relapse into former habits—"safe bind, safe find," is the matrimonial motto of Mrs. Singleton Snippe. Moreover, in vindication of our favorite theory of the expression of the beaver, mark ye the drooping aspect of Snippe's chapeau, as if it had been placed there by Mrs. Snippe herself, to suit her own fancy, and to avoid the daring look of bachelor, which is her especial detestation.

Snippe is subdued—a child might safely play with him.

And now, curious psychologist and careful commentator on the world, would you learn how results, apparently so miraculous, were effected and brought about? Read, then, and be wiser.

Snippe has his living, for he is living yet, though he scarcely calls it living—but Mrs. Snippe firmly holds the key of the strong-box, and thus grasps the reins of authority. The Snippes are tamed as lions are—by the mollifying and reducing result of the system of short allowan-

ces. Wonderful are the effects thereof, triumphant over Snippes—no suppers, no cards, no punches, and no cigars. The dogs retreated before judicious applications of the broom-handle; and it was found a matter of impossibility to trot those horses up—the arm of cavalry formed no branch in the services of Singleton Snippe.

Foiled at other points, Mr. Snippe thought that he might at least be able to disport himself in the old routine, and to roam abroad with full pockets in the vivacious field of former exploit; and he endeavored one evening silently to reach his hat and coat, and to glide away.

"Hey, hey!—what's that?—where, allow me to ask, are you going at this time of night, Mr. Snippe?" cried the lady, in notes of ominous sharpness.

"Out," responded Snippe, with a heart-broken expression, like an afflicted mouse.

"Out, indeed!—where's out, I'd like to know?—where's out, that you prefer it to the comfortable pleasures of your own fireside?"

"Out is nowhere in particular, but everywhere in general, to see what's going on. Everybody goes out, Mrs. Snippe, after tea, they do."

"No, Mr. Snippe, everybody don't—do I go out, Mr. Snippe, without being able to say where I am going to? No, Mr. Snippe, you are not going out to frolic, and smoke, and drink, and riot round, upon my money. If you go out, I'll go out too. But you're not going out. Give me that hat, Mr. Snippe, and do you sit down there, quietly, like a sober, respectable man."

And so, Mr. Snippe's hat—wonder not at its dejection—was securely placed every evening under Mrs. Snippe's most watchful eye; and Mr. Snippe, after a few unavailing efforts to the contrary, was compelled to yield the point, to stay quietly at home, his peculiar destination, and to nurse the lap-dog, and to cherish the cat, instead of bringing poo-

dle and setter into the drawing-room to discontent the feline favorite.

"I want a little money, Mrs. Snippe, if you please—some change."

"And pray, allow me to ask what you want it for, Mr. Snippe?"

"To pay for things, my dear."

"Mr. Snippe, I tell you once for all, I'm not going to nurture you in your extravagance, I'm not. Money, indeed!—don't I give you all you wish to eat, and all you want to wear? Let your bills be sent to me, Mr. Snippe, and I'll save you all trouble on that score. What use have you for money? No, no—husbands are always extravagant, and should never be trusted with money. My money, Mr. Snippe—mine—jingling in your pockets, would only tempt you to your old follies, and lead you again to your worthless companions. I know well that husbands with money are never to be trusted out of one's sight—never. I'll take better care of you than that, Mr. Snippe, I will."

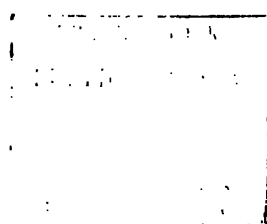
If Singleton Snippe ever did escape, he was forthwith brought to the confessional, to give a full and faithful account of all that had occurred during his absence—where he had been—whom he had seen—what he had done, and everything that had been said, eliciting remarks thereon, critical and hypercritical, from his careful guardian; and so also, when a little cash did come into his possession, he was compelled to produce it, and to account for every deficient cent.

No wonder, then, that Singleton Snippe underwent

"A sea change,
Into something quaint and strange."

He married for a living, but while he lives, he is never sure whether it is himself or not, so different is the Singleton Snippe that is, from the Singleton Snippe that was.

If you would see and appreciate differences in this respect, it would not be amiss to call upon the Snippes, and observe with what a subdued, tranquillized expression, the once dashing, daring Snippe now sits with his feet tucked under his chair, to occupy as little room as possible, speaking only when he is spoken to, and confining his remarks to "Yes, ma'm," and "No, ma'm." Mrs. Snippe has "conquered a peace."





Quintus Quozzle's Catastrophe—a Phrenological Illustration.

QUINTUS QUOZZLE'S CATASTROPHE.

A PHRENOLOGICAL ILLUSTRATION.

WHETHER phrenology, in its details—geographical phrenology, if we may call it so—which plots out the cranium, like a topographical engineer, giving a local habitation and a name to each distinct faculty of the mind—whether this hypothesis should be received as true or not, is a question about which, as the work of proselytism—either way—happens to be none of our business, it is not the purpose to argue at this present writing. It may be, or it may not be—let learned doctors decide; taking care, however, that judgment is neither warped nor biased by personal interest in the matter. One is so apt to incline to that which flatters his own “developments,” and to frown adversely upon a system which would register his intellectual gifts as rising only from “pretty fair to middling.” It is an impulse of our nature to love that which deals kindly with us; and it will often be found that the *pro* and the *con* in the argument now alluded to, is more or less influenced by such considerations. With a cerebral expansion as rotund and majestic as a pumpkin, who can array himself in hostility to Gall and Spurzheim? Greatness may not, perhaps, have as yet made itself apparent; but it is pleasant to think that it will at last come forth, and to rest in the faith that the day of our supremacy is about to dawn. But, on the contrary, if our upper story be set down as nothing remarkable, why should we subscribe to Combe, or believe that there is aught in measurement? The great and governing principle of the *quid pro quo* demands

our gratitude in the one instance; but, in the other, it is evident that no return is to be expected at our hands.

Thus, it will be noted, for the most part, that the individual who requires a hat of the extra size, habitually hiding his light under a bushel, and who, therefore, is unable to improve his craniological embellishment, even at the most crowded of tea-parties, by the appropriation of a newer and better beaver than his own—the fitness of things forbidding the exercise of such choice and discrimination, so far as he is concerned—is apt to look with a complacent eye upon the science to which we refer; while the person whose physical man is crowned with a pippin, and to whom a thimble would serve as a helmet, is at once of opinion that the whole of these assumptions are ridiculous, and that, perhaps, the truth will eventually be proved to lie in a contrary direction. If it be said that we either are, or ought to be, a wit or a warrior, a statesman or a philosopher, the intelligence falls agreeably upon the ear, and the inference is unavoidable, that there must be profundity in him who has been able to discover the latent fact, when not a sign of it is apparent to the general view, and when it is the first time that we have fallen even under a suspicion of being wiser than our neighbors. But should it be announced to us, that we have no business with ambition, and that our hope is a deceiver—that distinction is unattainable, and that the nursery predictions of our future glory were but the idle dream in which fond parents are apt to indulge—it is merely a defensive means and a retributive return, to set him down a simpleton who has the hardihood to tell us so. Let those, then, who would arrive at a candid conclusion, beware at once of Scylla and Charybdis, lest their heads come in contact with a post.

Being, as it were, non-committal upon this point, it is enough just now to declare a decided belief—founded upon great research and careful investigation—that instances do occur when there is much in a head, and that there are cases

to the contrary—full cases and empty cases, but still cases in point; establishing the fact, which is something for philosophy to go upon, that there are two varieties of the article in market. Many a man, deceived by the semblance which rests with the vacuity of a balloon upon his deluded shoulders, flatters himself with an idea that it is positively a head—available and efficient—and does not hesitate to make purchases for its adornment: he pets it up, and he brushes it down—has it trimmed, curled, and perfumed—admires it in the glass, and “goes ahead” with complacency—yet his friends and neighbors, in consultation, will shake their own heads, as they declare that he has no head at all, showing the strange diversities of opinion that exist in some heads on other heads. Nay, he will actually imagine, upon occasion, that his head aches—there are numbers, indeed, to whom the head is only a thing to ache with—and he ties it up in a napkin, to be deplored over and to be sympathized upon, at the very moment probably when society announces its conviction that—poor fellow—if he only had a head, what a good thing it would be. It is a delusion under which the community labors, that each member claims a head to himself, while the rest of the people are clear in regard to it, that he has none—only a symbol and an effigy of that useful appendage.

Thus far, then, public opinion and phrenology have advanced together. It is settled that there is a difference in heads—heads of reality and heads of appearance—heads by courtesy, and not of right. But whether the brain be a general power, ready to rush with all its force and with equal energy in any designated direction, or whether it be a congeries of organs, distinct in function, but living together, so to speak, in a boarding-house, sometimes in harmony, but anon in antagonism, as often happens with inmates of various minds, tempers, fancies, and inclinations, is a matter that remains open for debate.

In the case of Quozzle, now—Quintus Quozzle, who is

troubled with "self-esteem"—what is to be said? It is his peculiarity to "know better" than anybody else; and how can he help it, that he is so much wiser than every other person with whom it is his fortune to meet? He could not, if he would, prevent himself from knowing better than they, even if it were desirable that there should be no display of superior intelligence. It is the instinct of Quintus Quozzle which operates on such occasions, and instincts are not easily to be repressed. Quozzle is not accountable, were it to be attributed to him as a fault, for his intellectual superiority to the rest of the world. His nicety of mental constitution was not a matter of his own choice.

"I would be a great deal happier, I know I should," said Quozzle, when he felt that he was not properly appreciated, and had reason to complain of the world's ingratitude, "if I was not more than half as 'cute—to be extra 'cute is more of a misfortune than an advantage; and if I was just like other people, then I could be as foolish as other people, and as happy as other people, because I wouldn't know what a fool I was. There must have been some mistake about it: I was born at least a hundred years too soon, and came into the world before it was ready for me. No one yet comprehends Quozzle—no one can—it takes Quozzle himself to be up to Quozzle, and to appreciate his qualities; and if it wasn't for that—if I didn't know what a first-rate fellow I am, which is a great comfort, when other folks haven't brains enough to find it out—I would be wasted completely. It is the only pleasure the Quozzles have, to think how very green everybody else is. It makes 'em mad to say so, to be sure; and they take revenge by hinting that I'm crazy; but it's a sort of a tax and a tariff upon first-rate people to be called cracked—I don't mind being called cracked—the greatest people are always called the crack'dest people, out of spite."

It is even so, Quintus Quozzle. The pioneer has an unpleasant time of it. "He who surpasses or subdues man-

kind," must expect scratches in the bramble-bush; and the men of superior views—especially the Quozzles—are generally in danger of being set down as a little "cracked." It is the short-hand method of disposing of them.

"When they have nothing else to say--when they can't answer, and when they don't understand, they always try to get off by telling me I'm cracked; and then I tell them that they are in no danger of such an accident--their heads won't crack by hard thinking--empty things and soft things never crack," added Quozzle.

It, however, was not voluntary on Quozzle's part, that he is thus subjected to detraction. So far as his volition had a share in it, he might just as well have been somebody else. But since he is Quozzle, it is unavoidable to fulfil his vocation, and at least to endeavor to set other people right. True, they may say that Quozzle is a goose—which, when said of any one is apt to be unpleasant, if he happens to hear of it. Still, however, there is a balm for all such hurts to Quozzle's self esteem, in the reflection that what human nature thinks of him, is only an ignorant opinion; while what he thinks of human nature, is an incontrovertible fact—a fixed fact.—"What do they know about it, the benighted individuals?" says Quozzle.

He feels that his perceptions are of a higher power than those which appertain to mankind in general; and with a spontaneous waking "clairvoyance," he sees direct through the opacity of millstones. Quozzle, therefore, is never puzzled and rarely perplexed, especially in regard to the course of action which others should pursue. If they would only consult him, no difficulty, impediment, or embarrassment, could possibly arise—there would be no such word, as fail—the mischances which so often occur, spring altogether from a neglect to take counsel with Quozzle.

"If people would only take my advice," says Quozzle, "they would save themselves from a deal of trouble; but people are so obstinate in their opinions—they insist upon

it that they know best, when I tell them over and over again that they don't. They sometimes come to ask me about it, to be sure; and if I think as they do, then they follow my advice; but if I don't think as they do—and I don't often—then they don't follow my advice. They ought to be a law passed to make 'em do as I tell 'em.—There's Stibbins, now, with a dozen children—limbs, every one of them.—'Stibbins,' says I, 'them children of yourn, are decidedly the worst children I ever did see; and it's a fact; and Stibbins, you don't know how they ought to be fetched up, the barbarous young aborigines—whale 'em, Stibbins, night and morning; and I don't care if I bear a hand myself.'—And what do you think Stibbins said?—why, Stibbins, says he, 'There's the door, Mr. Quozzle,' says he—'walk Spanish,' says Stibbins, says he, 'or I'll be after whaling you, your own self;' and he swore his boys were the best boys about."

In truth, Quozzle has a plan for every case—an alternative for every emergency—he explains the principle of the locomotive to an engineer, and endeavors to make the captain comprehend the true management of a steamboat—when he reads a newspaper, he sees at once that no one understand editorship but himself, and when he returns from church, he is quite melancholy at the loss society suffers, because he had not been brought up to the ministry. "If they would only let me teach them how to write sermons," says Quozzle, "good would come of it—I've got the right idea—call that preaching, indeed!—but no one knows but me—I'd make 'em understand the error of their ways—I'd—but what's the use of talking?—We must put up with it, I suppose; and it's not my fault there is so much wickedness about; for when I call upon those whose business it is to see after it, and furnish them with hints, they say, 'Good morning Mr. Quozzle—I'm obliged to you, Mr. Quozzle; I'm busy just now, Mr. Quozzle; but I'll think of what you suggest, Mr. Quozzle,' and that's the end of it.

"Why, when I called upon the sheriff and the mayor to

explain to 'em how to put down riots by using the engines and squirting riot out, on the teetotal principle, squenching them at once, the people said I was a stupid pump; and the constable opened the door and told me to navigate like a duck. But cold water is the doctrine, and they'll all have to come to it at last. Who would stand still to be played upon?"

Mr. and Mrs. Fubbs did not agree very well—there were rumors of fierce discussions over the breakfast-table; and it was said that "twist-loaves" passed to and fro sometimes in the way of a missile; but when Quozzle went to see them on an errand of peace, the result came near being disastrous. By way of preliminary, he had merely hinted to Mr. Fubbs that he was inclined to be a bear, and had also informed Mrs. Fubbs that she was by no means so wise a person as she might be, rendering it impossible for them to live comfortably together without his advice—he knew how to govern wives and to regulate husbands—when the contending forces united against the pacificator, and fairly turned him out of doors.

"You, Quozzle," screamed Mrs. Fubbs, "never let me see your ugly face here again the longest day you have to live!—my Fubbs a bear, indeed! If he did throw a 'twist' at me, didn't I dodge?"

"Put out, Quozzle—I'm getting dangerous—my wife a fool, only because she never knows when to hold her tongue, or to quit aggrawatin'! Just say that twice more, and clear me of the law!" added Fubbs, assuming a pugilistic attitude, as Quozzle disappeared round the corner.

Quozzle has the genius for criticism in every department—there is nothing within the range of human effort, which might not be better done, if he were permitted to advise, or if he were allowed to undertake the execution thereof. When Macready personated Hamlet, Quozzle smiled rather derisively in the midst of the applause; and when Forrest as Spartacus brought down thunders of approbation, Quozzle

was sure that he could have made the character more effective. Indeed, in both cases, he satisfied himself of the correctness of his impression, by corking his eyebrows and going into a tragic phrensy before the glass. No one could have been more alarmed than Mrs. Sampler, the landlady, when Quozzle told her to "go to a nunnery, go!" and poor Boots has not completely recovered to this day from the terror of it, when, in answer to his humble tap at the door, Mr. Quozzle caught up the poker and cried out "Let 'em come in—we're armed!"—Boots rolled headlong down the stairs; nor did the added cry of "freedom to gladiators and to slaves," serve at all to tranquillize his nerves. He is clearly of opinion that Mr. Quozzle is affected with the hydrofogy; while Quozzle thinks that but for the accident of position, the stage would now be graced with the presence of another Garrick.

Ole Bull is clever enough in his peculiar department; but yet if Quozzle only had time to attend a little to the violin, the public, perhaps, would have the chance to hear a better tone and a more touching expression. Quozzle has a theory of his own in regard to fiddles. The capabilities of that instrument are not yet fully developed; and in the other divisions of musical endeavor, if Quozzle were only a woman, Norma would at last have justice done to her. The whole neighborhood must be aware of the fact—do they not hear Quozzle sing? And as for dancing—what nonsense to talk about Elssler. Look at Quozzle when he kicks.

Quozzle, however, is not quite forlorn upon his Alpine height of intellectual eminence. There is one person, at least, to treat him with respect and deference—Bob Spanker—and Bob never thought that Quozzle had the misfortune to be cracked—Spanker never thinks at all—nor had he said so, even in the way of joke—Spanker rarely says anything, and was never known to joke—he abhors joking—he can not imagine what it means. Spanker drives a buggy, and suffers Quozzle to talk to him and to give him good ad-

vice. A world of wisdom has thus been addressed to Spanker, and Spanker is remarkable for having kept it all to himself. They are consequently well calculated to travel together, as Quozzle does not keep a buggy for his own use, and as Spanker can not always find a companion to ride out with him. Quozzle criticises the construction of buggies and theorizes upon the art of driving; Spanker continually keeps saying nothing, and is rather soothed than otherwise by the hum of Quozzle's voice, the idea not being suffered to penetrate.

It was on an occasion of this sort, that Quozzle and Spanker rode down to Point Breeze, it being Quozzle's determination to let the folks thereabouts see how the noble game of ninepins ought to be played. "I'll astonish 'em, Spanker," said Quozzle, as he took his seat. But he did not remain quiet long.

"See here, Bob," remarked Quozzle, "you don't know how—upon my word you don't—see here, now—just lend me the whip," and Quozzle took the instrument from his hand—"now then—let's pass these fellows—you steer, and I'll cut—there's nothing requires more judgment than to cut at the right moment—there's a genius in cutting."

And, after causing the lash to whistle scientifically round his head, Quozzle did "cut" with a vengeance. Spanker's horse was indignant at the unwonted infliction and at the unpleasant affliction; and, after rearing and plunging for a moment, the outraged animal dashed forward with the speed of lightning.

"Hold him in, Bob!—why don't you hold him in?" screamed Quozzle; "why don't you stop him, as I tell you?"

"Why because I can't hold him in," replied the panting Mr. Spanker, "and because he won't stop—he'll never stop any more."

"Let me," cried Quozzle, somewhat alarmed at the extremity of the danger, "let me—you don't know how—you pull one rein, and I'll pull the other." But, as in such at-

tempts it is difficult nicely to adjust the balance of power, and to preserve a due equilibrium, the vehicle, naturally enough, swung round as if on a pivot, dashing against the market-cart of an old lady, from "down the neck." Now any one who has happened to try the experiment, must be perfectly aware that the delicate grace of a buggy, notwithstanding its superior costliness, seldom comes in contact with the masculine energy of a market-cart, without experiencing some degree of detriment, while the cart itself cares little or nothing about the matter. Bob Spanker's establishment was doomed to realize the philosophical correctness of this position, being, as it were, resolved into its original elements. As for the horse, he set forth, rapidly enough, on an excursion of pleasure, to be charged to his own individual account, as he did not see that he could be of further use, under all the circumstances of the case; and he carried two little bits of shaft with him, as a relic of the catastrophe; leaving both Quozzle and Spanker to repose ignominiously in the dust.

"The old lady, in a charitable manner, placed a cabbage under each of their heads, considering the vegetable to be appropriately soft and calculated to sooth their anguish, and they lay for a time, "like warriors taking their rest."

"Poor dears," cried the lady, benevolently, "I shouldn't wonder if each of 'em had cracked his calabash, they came down with such a squash. Before I could say beans, they were both shelled out, and here they are; they sprung up like a hopper-grass, but are cut down like a sparrow-grass."

"Who says I'm cracked?" gasped Quozzle; "I told him what to do—but nobody knows what to do, and nobody knows how to do it, when they are told, except myself—trust 'em and you're sure to be upset. Next time I must cut and drive too!"

It was, therefore, evident enough, that whatever else might be broken, Quozzle's organ of self-esteem remained unhurt, proudly triumphing over the wreck of carriage and the crash of cart. Whenever he alludes to the matter, he instances it

as another evidence of the incapacity of other people to hold the reins—nobody knows how to drive but himself. If Spanker had followed his advice to “hold in,” he is sure that no mischief could have happened. But it is the inevitable luck of the Quozzles to encounter mischance through the inefficiency of other people—somebody else is always in fault; and Quozzle is determined never again to take a ride, unless he has the whole and sole control of the enterprise. Spanker is of opinion that Quozzle should pay at least half the damage; but Quozzle objects, on the ground that he was only a passenger—according to his view, it is a limited partnership in such cases, involving the invited guest only to the extent of his neck.

DASHES AT LIFE:

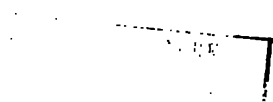
OR, SPLASHES IN PHILADELPHIA.

It has always been a favorite scheme with the philanthropic to provide bathing for the million, so that every one, at least once a week, should be enabled to enjoy the luxury of a cold bath, in addition to the salutary effects of that species of application; and accordingly, from time to time, a multitude of plans have been proposed to accomplish that desirable end, washing for the million! How much there is of tonic influence in the idea? How the eyes sparkle and the cuticle glows at the thought of these amphibious recreations. Water is cheap—water is plenty—there are whole rivers, lakes, oceans of water running to waste. But as civilized man—man who must live in the close pent city, and devote every waking hour to the toil of providing for subsistence—can not well go to the water, and as the water does not come to him in spontaneous lavations, this washing for the million remains, throughout the world, rather a matter of theory than of practice, and “the great unwashed” is perhaps a phrase of as much import as when it was first coined in derision of the unfortunate.

Thus it is everywhere—almost everywhere—indeed, everywhere, except in Philadelphia. No one who walks our streets can have reason justly to complain that there is anything of niggardliness in the distribution of water hereabouts; and whether you wish the footbath—pediluvium—or a showery application to the head and shoulders, you may be certain of it that your desires will be gratified to the ut-



Dashes at Life ; or, Splashes in Philadelphia.



most. In fact, it is not necessary to express a wish to this effect. Solicitations are not at all required. It is taken for granted here that everybody is in part amphibious — web-footed — and therefore equally at home in either element.

Come, then, to Philadelphia, if you would enjoy bathing for the million, in its most perfect and widest application. If you are dry and athirst — feverish possibly from a distempered spirit, or ill-regulated diet — passionate and irascible, from what cause you will — we would recommend an after-breakfast saunter, especially through the streets where fashion most resides. Observe, now — there's Sam with a hose rising through the sidewalk — Sam's a colored gentleman, and therefore fond somewhat of a little brief authority — Sam converts the bricked footway, by these processes of irrigation, into the loveliest miniature of a lake that can possibly be imagined, while Peter with his broom is particularly careful to scatter the waters far and wide, that he may discover the degree of science in the art of dancing possessed by each by-passer. But busy as they may be thus below, it will be found that the series of hydropathic exercises is by no means confined to the groundwork of things. In all likelihood, Susan and Nancy are quite as busy at the windows of the upper stories as Samuel and Peter have proved themselves to be in the region of the basements; and consequently, unless favored with that peculiarity of vision which enabled one to glance simultaneously at earth and heaven, "in fine phrensy rolling," as the poets have it, all the care used in reference to our footsteps will prove unavailing to save our bonnets or our hats. In one way, or in another, we are irretrievably lost — splashed, drenched, ducked, destroyed!

Pooh! — talk of Venice — "I stood in Venice," and all that, including Jaffier and Belvidera — what is Venice, aquatically, when measured — liquid measure — "two pints make a quart," and so forth — what is Venice, viewed in its hy-

draulic relationships, compared to our rectangular Philadelphia. Venetian canals are slow and sluggish—but we dash in Philadelphia, and we splash in Philadelphia, and emulate the cataracts. Talk, will ye, of the “blue rushings of the arrowy Rhone.” Wait until you have experienced the rushings of a bucketful of Schuylkill as it comes down sluicingly from third stories; and then, and there, you will better understand the force of projectiles and the peculiar beauties of the “douche” as recommended by Priessnitz and the finny followers of the school of Graefenberg. Venice, sayest thou? Why ours are living waters that come down upon you, leaping down, as it were, with loudest laughter, in the wildness of their joy. We do not deny it that the gondola may be swift as it glides beneath palace-wall—romantic, no doubt, if the guitar tinkles and the verses of Tasso are sung; but swift as the gondola may be, we are very sure it does not hurry the passenger along so fast as the bucket and the dipper, when judiciously applied; while the paddle and the oar are weak indeed as a propulsive force compared to wet brooms and twirling mops; and as for poetry—listen to the exclamations of the drenched stranger, who has not yet learned the art of navigation, and upon whom the floods come unawares. There’s poetry, my friend—the utterance of passion. The Venetians, forsooth!—leave them to their stagnant canals, and stroll with us through the streets of Philadelphia, if you are an admirer of the picturesque and would see water in all the varieties of its display. What is there more graceful than water, unsophisticated water, as it sports in unaffected ease, and is thus careless of all observation? Is it summer?—you may swim; be it winter—you can slide; for the seasons make but little difference in our fondness for the domestic deluge; and it is probably an effect from this cause, that Philadelphia, with its multitudinous spouts, has given so many actors to the stage.

But “enough of water hast thou, poor Ophelia;” and we shall, therefore, bring our chapter to a close, desiring all to

remember that so far as the use and the abuse of water are concerned, we are disposed to yield to none. The Croton itself can not bring our parallel of latitude in this respect ; and if it be your desire to get along swimmingly, come to Philadelphia by all manner of means.

Still, however, the aquatic branches above alluded to, are not all that spout and flourish in the streets of Philadelphia. Formerly, the operations were confined to the sidewalks and to the fronts of the houses ; but now—such is the progress of luxury—a new and extended method of irrigation is adopted, by damming up the gutters during the dry and dusty weather, that the somewhat discolored and rather unsavory slackwater navigation, which is thus accumulated, may be dispersed far, wide, and several times in the course of the day, by the skilful and daring hand of some colored contractor, in order that the pulverizations of mother earth, so ground down and champed up to the minutest fineness by the unceasing roll of omnibus and cart, may lie still and slumber, for the exemption and the benefit of all the fancy establishments of the fashionable streets. This is a new peril added to the many which before beset our daily walks ; and lucky are they who contrive to pass along unspotted from the world. The clear, fresh water is perhaps bad enough ; but when it comes to the kennels sown broadcast, if we may be allowed the expression, one is to be excused if some slight expression of annoyance escape the lips.

It is unnecessary, therefore, to endeavor to delude us with flaming placards about “cataracts of real water,” or to strive to draw us from our homes by talk concerning the wonders in that respect which are to be seen in the course of travel. We have all these things at home—displayed at our very doors—surrounding our footsteps wherever we may chance to go ; and if any one desires to take preliminary lessons in the art of “getting along,” as practiced in the city of “brotherly love,” our advice may be briefly conveyed by

reference to the engraving we have given. It requires much natural agility—a bound, for example, as quick and as elastic as the springing of the kangaroo—in eye quick to perceive, conjoined to an ear which detects the faintest sound. It is a species of ballet, demanding many classic *poses*, and as great a variety of steps as ever emanated from the schools of Taglioni, Elssler, or Cerito, it being taken for granted that every one is acquainted with the customs of the country—that none venture into the streets who are not capable of taking care of themselves, or that they go forth fully prepared for any of the consequences that may ensue. It will not answer, therefore, to be so absorbed in self as to forget all other circumstances, or else the absorption may be extended in a manner more congenial to coolness than to comfort; and so, if all the senses be not possessed in the highest perfection—if you are not well qualified for the nicest personal management, and are at the same time at all affected by the “sad hydrofogie,” a walk through the streets of Philadelphia, especially of a Saturday, has as many perils as spring from the uses of cold iron.

Cleanliness, they say, is next to godliness, and without a doubt upon it, cleanliness is one of the most virtuous of all the virtues. Hence—by splash of water—we of Philadelphia are disposed to yield the palm to none in whatever goes to make up the moral part of character. Do you impugn our excellence—deride our benevolence—sneer at our honesty, or find fault with our public spirit—do you so? Look to the hydrants, the fire-plugs, the washers, and the scourers—then assume it if you can, that a spot remains upon our reputation. Not a stain could possibly maintain itself there for the space of a single week, so obstinate are we in the performance of our ablutions; and should posterity at all degenerate, we place the picture given as an evidence on record, that once at least we were the best-washed people upon the face of the universal earth—second only to the mermans and the mermaidens, who, we doubt not, would

find in the Philadelphian a spirit congenial to their own, though we do not often appear in public with a comb and a mirror to warn the erring from the rocks. We are a nice people—the fact is one that admits of no disputation ; and should a second deluge arise, we should be sadly disappointed, if we were found unable to float upon the surges that overwhelm those less happily constituted.

THE TRIALS OF TIMOTHY TANTRUM.

THAT'S a Tantrum.

No difficulty about it, at all. With ordinary discernment, you may tell a Tantrum as far as you can see one, by the distressed and dissatisfied expression of its countenance—"Tantrumical," if we may term it so. A numerous family, too, these Tantrums—to be found everywhere in this vale of tears; and few but happy are they who have neither temporary attachment nor enduring relationship to the Tantrums. Who is there, indeed, even among the most placid, that is not more or less, and off and on, affected and afflicted by the influence of the Tantrums? Bar the door as we may—resolve against them as we will—the house, we fear, is yet to be built which does not at times exhibit traces that the Tantrums visit its fireside. It is difficult to rid ourselves altogether of the Tantrums, even the wisest and firmest of us; while some people are monopolized by Tantrum, in infinite variety—Tantrumed beyond redemption, in every turn of thought and change of feeling.

But this is only one of the Tantrums—a specimen number of the whole work. It is TIMOTHY TANTRUM, the Man of Trials; and perhaps—if you have tears—that is, for any but yourself—prepare to shed them now—when Timothy is to be spoken of, it would not be amiss—in the way of condolences—to summon up the sob of sympathy, and to unfold the handkerchief of tribulation. Timothy Tantrum—yea, examine him physiognomically—is one of those unlucky personages who are always under a shade, and who are attended by a double allowance of shadow. They have

no experience in sunshine, but dwell in the desolate regions of perpetual cloud and everlasting storm. If it is not raining there, it snows; and thus poor Timothy Tantrum carries the atmosphere of sadness with him wherever he goes. The barometer falls at his approach, down to "squally," or thereabouts; and Timothy Tantrum presents himself to observation as the inevitable individual who is always caught in showers without an umbrella—the forlorn one, of a gusty afternoon, that can not overtake an omnibus, and is "himself alone" as he drips down the street. But what is Tantrum, afloat, as it were—what is Tantrum to do? If he should run now, all experience shows that the rain would only come down the faster—the same quantity in a shorter space of time; and if he were to wait for it to stop, they are but little acquainted with the malign disposition of the elements in their bearing on the Tantrums, who are yet to be informed that it never stops when Tantrum is waiting. "Rather than so," we should have a freshet, if not a deluge. The shower makes it a point never to "hold up" till all the Tantrums who are out, are wet through and through—saturate, Timothy and the rest—and it may be observed to clear off, derisively, just as Timothy reaches home in a state of damp.

"Why didn't you wait till the rain was over?"

Why?

Timothy Tantrum wrings himself, with the grimmest of smiles, but says nothing. Was there ever a rainbow—could there be a rainbow—except at the instant when he had absorbed the greatest possible quantity of moisture? There is no such fact on record.

Unlike Napoleon, Timothy Tantrum has neither a sun of Austerlitz, nor a "bright particular star," to his destiny—no star at all, unless it be a star in eclipse, or on the principle of Daggerwood's "moon behind a cloud." If he has a star, it is a star of the funereal sort—a star with weepers, shining black and radiating gloom. Luck!—has he luck?

It must be bad luck, then ; and Timothy Tantrum considers himself as a target, set up for the special purpose of being shot at by the arrows of disaster, which hit him invariably, whatever be the case with other people. Anything thrown out as he comes along, is sure to go right into the eye of Mr. Timothy Tantrum, the lineal descendant of that celebrated sufferer in a similar way, who, if there be truth in epitaphs, met his fate "at the hands" of a sky-rocket. It had been so with Tantrum, had he been there ; and the other man would have gone on his way rejoicing, with all his eyes in his head.

Tantrum's mind is of that peculiarity in grief, that it seems to have "crape on its left arm," not "for thirty days" alone, but for ever. It is always in mourning, and has no associate except calamity. Should he be surprised and overtaken, at an unguarded moment, by a laugh—ha ha !—he ! he !—ho ! ho ! and so forth—the outward and physical expression of an interior and metaphysical hilariousness—it would not only amaze his ears and astonish his unpractised organs, but he would likewise be convinced that "something is going to happen," of a kind calculated to translate jocundity to the opposite side of the facial aperture, antipodean to merriment ; and he thus cuts the risible short off, with a look of alarm, lest it should remind misfortune that it had not yet completely annihilated Timothy Tantrum.

As a little boy—"Love was once a little boy," and so was Timothy Tantrum—as a little boy, then, he never went out without returning in a roar of grief, and in a tempest of indignation, announcing to all the house that Tim—unhappy—was again on hand—somebody had slapped Tim—or somebody had tumbled Tim right into the kennel, Tim having on his "Sunday's best," to go and see his grandmother, illustrating the curious affinity between nicely-dressed children and the kennel—especially as regards the Tantrum children—or else Tim's playthings had been wrested from him—a big fellow had beaten Tim—spontaneously, of course. For he—how could you wrong our

Timmy so?—he had “done nothing to nobody”—he never did “do nothing to nobody,” according to his own account. No! not even to the cur that barked at Tim, and wanted to bite him; it being one of Tim’s “features” to be always in trouble, but never in the wrong. You see—a conspiracy from the outset against Timothy Tantrum. The world had determined, *ad initio*—that is, from the time he wore frock and trowsers—to be continually pulling Timothy Tantrum down, and never letting Timothy Tantrum up, the naughty world, that always frowns on merit and persecutes the deserving. Why won’t it let the Tantrums alone?

Investigation, to be sure—but why investigate, to disturb your conclusions?—might discover that “our Tim”—the darling—had indulged a little in sauciness to lads not altogether disposed to pocket it; or that, perchance, he had endeavored playfully to abstract a cherished bone from cubs not given to the sportive mood. But here it is again, in regard to the Tantrums—Tim was not comprehended and understood. He had come in contact with inferior natures, incapable of the requisite appreciation; and, as usual, no allowances were made for the child, who only wanted to have his own way, after the fashion of the Tantrums, and asked for nothing more than that his way should be allowed to take precedence of other people’s ways; the trouble, from first to last, arising from the oppugnation of obstinacy, which forgets that the Tantrums are antagonistic by nature, and can not get along at all except in the opposite direction—for instance—right against you, and contrary to the general grain. Now, it is a self-evident proposition, that if you and the general grain are indisposed to yield—“about face,” and so—the Tantrums are of necessity crossed, irritated, and exasperated, and can have no peace because of your belligerent habits of mind, which foolishly lead you to prefer your own way to the way of the Tantrums—a way that they know to be the right way; while your way—indisputably—is the wrong way—the transgressive way.

"But," as Timothy Tantrum has judiciously remarked, at least a thousand times, "it is always cold when I wish it to be warm; and warm invariably when I desire that it should be cold. If I want to go out, then, of course, it's stormy—raining cats and dogs; and when I don't care whether it's clear or not, and would rather, maybe, that it was not clear, why then it is as bright as a new button, as if it was laughing at me. 'Spose I've no use for a thing—it's there, everlastingly, right in the road—I'm tumbling over it a dozen times a day. But when I do want that very thing, is it ever in the way then? No, I thank you—no!—it wouldn't be if it could. And when I hunt it up, if it allows itself to be found at all, which it won't if it can help it, that thing is morally certain to be the very last thing in the closet, or the undermost thing in the drawer. It's the nature of things, which are just as crooked and just as spiteful as people are. Can anybody ever find his hat when there's a fire? Don't the buttons disappear from sleeves and collars whenever you're in a hurry to go to a tea-party? And at the very last moment—the bell done ringing—all aboard— isn't something—the very thing of all other things you ought to have—isn't that thing sure to be a mile off, at home, grinning at you from the mantel-piece?"

No wonder, then, that the Tantrums are always in despair. Should Timothy be sent for in haste, the left boot is sure so to offer itself that the right foot may be jammed fast in the instep—owing, past doubt, to the constitutional perverseness of boots, which, if they can not contrive to be too tight, and to pinch you into misery, will manage it so as to come home with a sharp peg in their sole, to harrow up your sole; and which never will "go on" of a warm morning, until we have toiled and tugged ourselves into fevers for the day. And should Timothy, indignant and sudorific, should he, in a species of retributive justice, jerk the aforesaid left boot from his innocent right foot, to dash it—the boot, not the foot—across the room, as some punishment to its untimely trick-

ishness, did any one ever know that boot—still exemplifying the perverseness of boots in particular, and of things in general—to fail in jumping to the very place of all places that it should not have gone to—the only place in the chamber where it could upset a lamp or break a looking-glass? But it is a folly to talk to boots—Tantrum swears at his, by the hour, yet finds, after all, that boots are but boots.

It would be comparatively nothing, however, if such were the limit of Tantrum's vexation. He might escape from boots, and secure a shelter in slippers. But the hostile alliance against him is comprehensive—it not only includes all the departments of art, but likewise embraces the productions of nature. Should Tantrum's arms stick in the sleeve of Tantrum's coat—did that coat, in the pervading treachery, and as he thrust his determined arm into it, hesitate, if it were only for an instant—hesitate to rip in seam, or refuse to tear in cloth, in a manner never practised by well-behaved coats, and rarely by any coats at all, except by the coats of the Tantrums? Was it not from the first like an incubus on Tantrum's mind, that this coat would go "all to flinders" on some occasion when he must have a coat, and could get no other coat? Yes, this identical coat, that positively would not come home, try all they would, for weeks after it was promised, and appeared to resist every effort at finishment.

And more—in the course of your acquaintance with the Tantrums, you must have noticed, of a cold evening, when Tantrum desired to "Adonise," that he might be intensely agreeable to all beholders, and "lovelily dreadful" to the ladies, that "that razor" would cut his chin in defiance of all he could do to the contrary; and that, besides, the pitcher would not have any water in it, the servant would be gone out, and the way to the hydrant would be one glare of slippery ice—a long, complicated conspiracy of things to defeat Tantrum's hopes, and to disturb his complacency, if not to give Tantrum a tumble. Nay, more—the very pitcher con-

trived to crack, and the basin went to fragments, merely to aggravate Tantrum still further, as he slapped them together, in a well-founded scorn of their provoking emptiness; while the candle, too—in emulation of the fires, and in imitation of the servants—does it not “go out” whenever Tantrum opens doors, or runs in agile movement up the stair? And should he “send it flying”—as it so well deserves—they have studied the characteristics of the candle to but little profit, who do not expect, under these circumstances, to hear a crash of valuables. Try it, if you are incredulous—just leave a candle unwatched, and our life upon it, there will be arson and incendiarism in a very little time. It has no compunctions about setting the house afire, if it can, that candle, meek and innocent as candles always look. Trust them not!

While it is thus between the Inanimate and the Tantrums, the case is but little better, as before hinted, between the Animates and the Tantrums. Creation is a porcupinity, with its sharp-pointed quills stuck out in all directions, impaling the Tantrums at every movement they may chance to make. The universe is a brambledom, for the scarification of ankles; and whatever the hand of Tantrum falls upon, what else can it be but a nettletop? It is all nettletop to the Tantrums—for there is nothing innocuous unless we choose to take it so; but the Tantrums will insist on it, that the innocuousness shall be as they choose to take it, and that all the smoothness is to be in their peculiar direction. In consequence whereof, how the Tantrums suffer in this rasping, sand-papery, gritty sphere of fret and friction, to which for a time they are doomed, like Hamlet's ghost, “to fast in fires.”

There is no accordance or concordance in it. We shall find it a hopeless task, even the endeavor, simple as it may appear, to induce any other man to wear his hat after the excellent mode and fashion in which we wear our hat. And yet, why should he not? Tantrum, at least, can discover no sufficient reason for the nonconformity; and he would, on

philanthropic grounds alone, like to be armed with a power to compel that other man to wear his hat correctly. "Any man who persists in wearing his hat at such an angle as that, after I have explained the matter to him, must be a fool, if indeed he is not something a great deal worse;" and Tantrum tells him so, in the plainest phrase, for the dissemination of truth. The same rule, of course, holds good in politics, and in all matters of practice and opinion. Yet when Tantrum informs people of the fact, without circumlocution or indirect phraseology, they quarrel with Tantrum, and call Tantrum hard names, and say that they know as well as Tantrum knows, and will continue to do as they please, without the slightest regard to the principles laid down by Tantrum—and so the world and its affairs go wrong, just as the world and its affairs have always gone, and just as the world and its affairs will continue to go, all the efforts of the Tantrums to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Where are you running to now?" cries Tantrum, sharply; for this unremitting opposition, like a whetstone to the knife, will set any one on edge.

"Home to dinner."

"Home to dinner! What do you have dinner at this time for? This is no time for dinner. Look at me—I don't go to dinner now. Never have dinner, I tell you, till you are hungry. I don't—none but fools do!"

"But I am hungry now—I want my dinner."

"You can't be hungry—I'm not hungry—and how can you be hungry? Do you think I don't know when I am hungry, and when other people ought to be hungry? You're not hungry—you can't be hungry. It's impossible. You pretend to be hungry, out of spite—just because I'm not—that's the way with everybody."

And so Tantrum falls out with Greedy, on the question of appetite and the proper period of feeling a disposition to dine, in which Greedy, like the rest of his class, proves to be unconquerably obstinate. Greedy persists in going to dinner

at an improper hour; and Timothy Tantrum is overwhelmed with despair at the ignorant contumacy of the Greedies, who have been the same ever since the days of Sir Giles Overreach.

* * * * *

"I'm going to be married, Mr. Tantrum, and desire your presence as groomsman."

"Going to be what?" exclaims Tantrum, in such tones of scornful amazement as could scarcely fail to carry dismay to the boldest heart, when placed in the trying position now referred to—"Going—to—be—w-h-a-t?"

"Married," is the trembling response.

"Jinkins, I should be sorry to be forced, Jinkins, to class you, too, among the fools; Jinkins—I should. Going to be married, to be sure! Well!—I never! Jinkins, did you ever know me to marry anybody? Jinkins, am I married, Jinkins, or am I going to be? No, Jinkins, you may swear to that!—and why should you? Don't, Jinkins—if you value my friendship or my countenance."

But Jinkins insists on being married, in broad contradiction to all that the Tantrums can say, resting his plea of palliation and mitigation on the fact mainly that he is "in love" an argument which Timothy Tantrum—like a genuine bachelor, that pernicious species, who are thus by design, perhaps, more than by accident, and who have been found audacious enough to rejoice in their iniquity—treats with even less of mercy than he does other differences of sentiment.

"If you are in love, why the shortest way is to get out of it—I always do—and are you coming for to go for to set up, as wiser than I am?—as if I don't know. And who do you propose to marry, I should like to learn? Susan Scissors! Good gracious—what a choice! I wouldn't have Susan Scissors—am I in love with Susan Scissors? Did you ever know me to marry Susan Scissors? Why should you? I really can't understand it. To marry, is bad enough of itself! But Susan Scissors—whew!"

And hereupon arose another contention and another divis-

ion, because Timothy Tantrum was hostile to matrimony in general, and to Susan Scissors in particular—forgetting, in the first place, that everybody, except the Tantrums, will marry, it being a way they have; and that, in the second place, it will not do for all the world—the masculine world—to affect and to fancy the same individual—Susan Scissors, or another—it might lead to trouble. * * * *

“That’s not the way to bring up a child,” says Tantrum; “I wouldn’t educate him so. Did you ever know me to fetch up a child that way, a spilin’ of him, as you do?”

“I never saw you bring up children at all, unless knocking ’em down, when they come crying in your way, is what you call bringing ’em up.”

“What I mean is—do you think that’s the way I’d bring ’em up, if I was to bring ’em up? I’m not such a goose. Did you ever see me”—

And then Tantrum would enlarge upon his theory of training and instruction, until he found that parents and guardians were quite as rigid in the wrong, and quite as fond of their own erroneous conclusions as all the rest of society. In this regard, there was no solace for Tantrum but in one fond expectation.

“Those children will all go to the mischief, that’s one great and glorious consolation—the girls will run off with some big-whiskered, mustached, long-legged, and long-nosed swindler, who’ll beat ’em well, and send ’em home at last, with large families of little people—that’s one of the consequences of not minding me. And as for the boys, those that don’t disappear some day, nobody knows where, may be looked for in the penitentiary, never coming to no sort of good; and then I can drop in sociably to inquire about them at home, and the way I’ll ask the folks if they ‘marked my words’ when I said how it would end, will be what they won’t forget in a hurry—I can promise them that beforehand!” and Tantrum for once chuckled with glee. * * * *

In the affairs of medical science, also, Timothy Tantrum

was equally learned, but as equally unfortunate. But, as nobody would pursue his system of practice, he still consoled himself with giving the recusants a bit of his mind, which is not often the most agreeable present that can be bestowed—and, in the second place, should the results prove fatal, as results sometimes will, why didn't Timothy Tantrum say how it would be?

But no man is altogether without refuges and resources—we all have something to fall back upon; and Timothy Tantrum, in the midst of the contumelies of an unappreciating world, where none will do as he thinks every one should do, derives solace and refreshment for his spirit by going a fishing, alone by himself, with a patent-rod and a red cork. When he succeeds in setting the household by the ears, and has got the whole neighborhood comfortably in an uproar, he then—quietly—like Sylla abdicating—travels off to fish. Fishes have this advantage as companions—they bite, and say not a word; or, if they do not bite, they never make jeering remark, or indulge in provoking argument; so that one may be as philosophical and as splenetic as he likes when he is fishing, without risk of being “aggravated.” But even here, drawbacks to the perfect felicity will intrude themselves. We want to catch a fish, it may be; and that fish, however sensible in the main, has not arrived at a perfect conclusion in himself whether he is hungry or not, coquetting with the bait, yet refusing it—ungrateful fish, after so much trouble has been encountered for his especial entertainment. There is a crookedness, too, in hooks, that attaches itself to weeds and roots, if not to garments, and to the fleshy integuments beneath. But worse than all is it when we—the Tantrums—are established in just the sort of nook we have been looking for all day, to be pounced upon in our soliloquies by some ragged and vociferous urchin, with a ponderous dog of the amphibious breed, who will have it that Carlo shall “go in and fetch it out,” right upon our piscatorial premises,

to our discomfiture and to that of the finny tribes—Carlo, who surges like a diving elephant, and who comes out to shake himself at our elbow, like the spray of cataracts. And Nicolemus swims horses, too, at the same appalling instant. Who can be surprised that Timothy Tantrum, in an effort to better his condition, broke his patent angling-rod in an ineffectual blow at the aforesaid ragged and vociferous urchin, or that he fell into the creek by an injudicious striving to administer a kick to the ponderousness of Carlo? Both of these movements were natural enough; and the consequent disasters, what were they but a link in the chain of annoyance connected with the life and misfortunes of the Tantrum family?

“Just exactly what was to be expected,” growled Tantrum, as he wandered home, moist and disconsolate; “it’s always so when I undertake to teach manners to boys and genteel behavior to the dogs. My best intentions are thrown away, on everybody. I’ve broke my rod, and the boy’s not a bit the wiser; I’ve tumbled in the creek, and the dog’s as impolite as ever. And now, I’ve a great mind to let everybody and everything take its own course, without bothering myself any more. I don’t see that I’ve got anything yet for my pains, though I’ve fretted all my hair off, and scolded my teeth out. It’s easier, I guess, and more profitable, to make the best of things as they are, now I find that they won’t be any other way; and I would, if it wasn’t that I know I know better about things than other people—what’s the use of knowing you know better, if you don’t make other people know you know so? Whatever is, is wrong—all but me—I’m clear as daylight as to that; but I won’t cry about it any longer. Perhaps when Timothy Tantrum’s dead and gone, they’ll begin to discover there was somebody here when he was alive. But they won’t before, for they haven’t yet—they’re too obstinate—and while I’m waiting to be understood and appreciated, I’m half inclined to begin to take the world easy, and enjoy myself, like the foolish people, who don’t know any better.”

THE LIONS OF SOCIETY:

POTTS, PETERS, AND BOBUS.

———"Another lion gave a grievous roar;
And the first lion thought the last 'a bore.' "

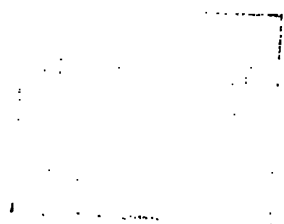
BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

LIONS!—yes—every collection, zoological or otherwise, must have its lions. Without them, it is incomplete—deficient in what may be termed its rallying point or nucleus. What, for instance, would be the menagerie—and it is, more or less, all menagerie, "here upon this ground"—without a smart sprinkling of lions? We admit that the elephant is a respectable, solid individual, in his way—prosy, however, and not at all of a sparkling nature. And your monkey, provided he be not sick—there is nothing sadder than your sick monkey—monkeys ought to be exempt from sickness—he may be droll, as he catches the apple or cracks a nut—doleful drollery though, as that drollery must ever be in which we discover how narrowly the most of us escaped from being monkeys. But still, these things—monkey, elephant, and all—can not satisfy the reachings of the soul; and we turn from them in weariness to ask, "where is the lion!—let me hear a lion roar!" We are imposed upon, if we can not find a lion.

And so it is in the circles of society. Each must be provided with its lion. Nay, it is indispensable that there should be several lions, of different forces and dimensions, to vary the scene, or to be produced in the absence of each other. But not two of a similar kind, at the same moment. Such lions never agree, on account of that dislocation of noses, to



The Lions of Society.



which, by such collision, they become subject; and if you have ever noticed the fact—perhaps you have felt it, as all of us play the lion's part, more or less, at intervals—but if, either way, you may chance to have observed it, this truth is familiar, that there is nothing more dangerous than a lion with his “nose out of joint.”—The moody ferociousness exhibited under such circumstances, is a matter which, according to the popular phrase, is not to be sneezed at, even by one who happens to be worse off than the aggrieved lion himself, in the delicate particular of noses. A lion's nose is his thermometer of health and barometer of temper.—Put that out of place—ay, but sprain a lion's nose, however slightly, and the attempt to play with him is a fearful risk. He is sure to snap your nose off.

To know a lion—what may be described as a good sizeable lion—such a one as plays the lion, wherever he goes—among the “upper ten thousand,” or amid the substratum of “the masses”—one of your dauntless lions, who confidently sports his mane and his claws in all possible situations, and has that pervading sense of his own immensity, that he is the lion—equally—at your house, or at home—in the kitchen—for even the kitchen has its lions—or in the presence of all imaginable quantities of wisdom, wit, beauty, rank and fashion—there being “comparative lions,” who lionize according to the chance—but we allude to the “positive lion,” who is invariably himself—if you would know him, then, the discovery may be made in various ways. When you feel patronized, as it were, in society, and can not tell exactly why, as you do not seek for patronage particularly, at that moment, a shrewd suspicion may be indulged that you are in the presence of a lion. A lion, too, condescends—his whole deportment announces the fact to the bystanders that “now the lion condescends,” for the encouragement of people—little people—such as have nothing of the leonine growth about them. The lion pats, that you may not be too much overcome by his austere dignity—he will not eat you

up—though he could do it, and he wishes you to see that he knows he could do it—he is not hungry now, the amiable lion. But the undoubtable sign that Leo approximates—if it be not felt mesmerically—is in the eclipse that falls around. No one now says, “how dee do-o,” to you—give it up at once, loquacious friend—nobody listens to your narrative—your pun provokes no smile—your jest can draw no laughter. But a few moments since, perhaps, and you were in feather—a larger estimate than usual of the entertaining qualities which you had derived from nature, began to warm your heart and stimulate your brain—a thought, perchance, that if not a whiskered lion of the tribe—adult, mature, consummate—you were at least a promising cub of the same species. But now, how shrunk—what an insignificancy of contraction!—The matter?—Can’t you see?—Why, man, the lion’s come—the lion past dispute—the real, uncontested thing. There is a dislocation, for the time, of your beloved nasal promontory. Go—for now you are “no go”—the game is up. Our meaning here is aptly illustrated by the accompanying engraving, and which might properly be termed, “*A Discomfiture of the Lesser Lions; or, the Extinction of the Rushlights.*”

There was a gathering at Brown’s—of beauty and of chivalry, as any one may see. Potts was there, and Peters—social lions of the smaller growth. Potts did the sublime and beautiful—Potts is literary—and Peters was strong upon the queer and quaint—Peters is a wag. Never was there a more delightful party. Potts talked romance and reason, politics, poetry, and polemics—soaring upward—wondrous Potts!—like an eagle from its eyry; and Peters followed, quizzical, playing upon words in the centre of “Giggledom.” Potts secured the solid sense of the meeting—the matrons circled round him—bald heads and spectacles were there, to feed on wisdom. “A great man is Potts,” said they; “sensible to the last;” and Potts grew wiser as he glanced reprovingly back to “Giggledom”—listen

young ladies, and be improved — where Peters flashed and coruscated like the uncorking of champagne. A funny man was Peters then, and "Giggledom" rejoiced. The more philosophical Potts became, the wittier was Peters, as if these antagonist forces acted and re-acted on each other to the production of a power which neither had exhibited before. Potts, indeed, thought that if it were possible for man to be more rational, acute, and sagacious, than he now proved himself, it would scarce be possible for such a man to live, and that when he died, as die he must, the world would cut him up into schools, colleges, and other seats of learning and profundity — he felt convinced, moreover, that it would, when he was out, be advisable always to have reporters near, that he might be published — a serial — in continuous number, at a fip a week, as a living "Library of Useful Knowledge." Potts could not admire himself enough, as by far the ablest individual that he ever knew — while Peters was assured, that if he (Peters) should get any funnier as the night wore on — he did not believe it possible — there never was anything funnier — but if he (Peters) should grow funnier — and it would not be practicable for him (Peters) to help it — why then it would be impossible for other folks to live. He (Peters) would be the death of them. Somebody ought to hold him (Peters) — in mercy, hold him.

Both Potts and Peters were impressed with a full belief, that clever — English clever — as they always were, still on this memorable evening, they were — Potts to Potts and Peters to Peters — immeasurably superior to themselves. Potts, in short, was not sure whether it was himself or not; and Peters escaped the doubt only from knowing that he could not easily be any one else, or rather, that it was out of the question for any one else to be him. How pleasant it is to be satisfied that no other person can be you — that you are unique.

But suddenly — a catastrophical suddenly — in walked Bobbs — "B. Bobus Bobbs, Esq." — "Goodness, gracious,

if here isn't Bobbs! — my! — I thought Bobbs would never come! Oh! how glad — Bobbs! — such a pleasure — Bobbs! — quite delighted — Bobbs!"

"As I was saying," continued Potts, beginning to quail, "as I was about to say, to show the rationale of the matter, Mrs. Brown —"

"Never mind now, Mr. Potts," rejoined Mrs. Brown, "there's Bobbs at last;" and Mrs. Brown darted away, leaving Potts in soliloquy.

"But the best of the joke was, ladies," whimpered Peters, under a foreknowledge of his fate, "the best of the joke —"

"Bobbs!" ejaculated the young ladies, wild with delight, and Peters was alone.

"Potts! — Bobbs!" said Peters.

"Peters! — Bobbs!" replied Potts.

And on reference again to the picture, their relative expressions may be seen, Potts endeavoring to muster courage to stand his ground — Peters getting indignantly out of the way. Bobbs is the largest lion of the town, and they know it. Bobbs, who is as philosophical and as funny as both Potts and Peters combined, is evidently provoked at their presumption in his absence; and Potts and Peters, after vainly endeavoring to resist the current of opinion by sly insinuations against the merits of Bobbs, at last betake themselves, silently and sullenly, to chicken salad in a corner. Always retreat on chicken salad.

Lions are diverse and different. There is your musical lion, who is sometimes a bore — your scientific lion, who is apt to be an ass — your political lion, who is frequently a nuisance, and your funny lion, who, on occasion, is dull enough. The handsome lion is not often endurable; but the dandy lion is at least harmless if he pays his tailor's bill. And following these, we find literary lions, gymnastic lions, lions in buggies and on horseback — fast-trotting lions, are they — military lions — in fact, every jungle has its lion, big

or little — not one of which, except as aforesaid, in the way of condescension, will permit others to slip in a word edgewise. Those who are not lions themselves, are born for no other purpose but to admire the lions. Gentle reader, if you are not a lion already, try to be a lion, with all your might and “mane.”

DAVID DUMPS,

THE DOLEFUL ONE.

THE majority of people are in the Dumps only at times—the most stormy of lives has its gleams of sunshine, and perhaps there are few among men whose existence is a night so dark that no star of hope appears. Even melancholy itself has its reactions, as the criminal on the rack is said to sleep in the intervals of torture, and thus to gain strength for added suffering. One can not be always weeping, and there must be a pause in sorrow. The Dumps then, as a general thing, do not prevail in every bosom without the grace of intermissions of relief; and, for the most part, there is quite as much of smiles and laughter in this world, as there is of doleful groaning. You, for instance, are in tears to-day, while your neighbor jests right merrily, the loud outbreak of his mirth jarring on your lacerated nerves, as you wonder how it is that men can thus be “pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw,” while you suffer like Guatemozin on his bed of coals. But be then of good heart, friend—let not the soul within thee break down as without hope. It may be but a little time—a week, perchance—a month then—or what if it be a year—before you shall be as gamesome as a kid, while the dark shadow of tribulation rests upon your neighbor’s head. All evils cure themselves in one way or another. A grief can not be eternal, or if the evil must endure, why, we grow callous at the last, and cease to feel its pressure. That is, the most of us are in this way affected, having the Dumps only upon occasion, to give effect by the force of contrast, as it were, to the more pleasant passages of our career on earth.

All sights and sounds can not for ever remain as disagreeable to you as they now appear—the light of the blessed sun shall not always be more oppressive than the darkness, which it chases away; and depend upon it, unlikely as the realization of the promise now seems, we all may smile again.

All smile again—yes, all but David—he never has smiled yet—how can he smile again? David has no lot or part in such business. His life is a matter far too serious for trifling divertisement of that sort; and we doubt whether cranks or pulleys, or any of the complex arrangement of rope, block, and tackle, could be made to elevate the corners of his downcast mouth even to the level of a simper. Archimedes himself, with all the resources of mechanical invention, must fail in the effort to extend the corners aforesaid from ear to ear, according to the practice of most people when tickled by a conceit; and were his countenance thus forcibly opened by crowbar or by cable, what good could it possibly do when David's vocal apparatus is altogether incompetent to the formation of those sounds which are indicative that fun holds revel in the halls of the brain? Nay, David would thus look sadder far than ever he did before—for what is more sad—more chillingly melancholy, than the mere forms and semblances of smile and mirth when the soul denies illumination? It is the ghastly grinning of a skeleton—the cadaverous expression of a corpse—we pray you to let that mouth—the mouth of David—let it alone as it falls. We doubt whether any change that you could make, would be at all for the better. Gloomy as the natural David may appear, there are no artificial arrangements that can be contrived to improve him. Rouge to his cheek or roses in his hair, would that afford to David a more cheerful aspect?—Do not think it.

The truth of the matter is, that while you or I, in the way of recreation are temporarily miserable and occasionally distressed, the miserables and the distresses are David's natural, habitual, and original condition. For his name is Dumps—David Dumps, at your service—not Dumps now or Dumps

then; but invariably Dumps, suing and sued in that delightful name. When constables apprehend him, they soon comprehend that they have the Dumps. Having commenced crying at his first appearance on the stage of life, as nearly everybody does—"our pilgrimage begins in tears"—Dumps has gone directly onward in the same strain of dolor as at first—weeping, and wailing, and gnashing his teeth, as he passes by. He cries aloud at all times and seasons, so that he is "like loftiest peaks," surrounded by fogs and mists impenetrable to the sun of gladness. His summit is a glacier where nothing grows, and the brightest beams of noon only thaw tears away, which do not improve the general aspect.

Dumps—David—has it in his power—for he continually exercises himself in the art—to sorrow over all things; but what especially provokes him, and he falls back upon it as a species of reserve in the battle of life, when no particular distress sets in to goad his sides, is the general unhappiness of human condition, as compared to the "jolly times," to use his own phraseology, which the inferior animals have of it.

"Dave—you, Dave—it's time to get up and kindle the fire! Get up, this minute, and don't make me come there after you."

Now such a call as this, of a bitter cold morning—in a room uncarpeted, with the outward atmosphere whistling in through chinks and crannies, and penetrating broken panes, ill stopped by antiquated hats and rejected trowsers, can not be regarded as a musical call, even if uttered by the sweetest of voices—for David Dumps was coiled up warmly, forgetting his sorrows in the depths of slumber, and bidding them defiance in a snore as haughty and fearless as the sonorous brass of bold dragoonery.

"You, Dave!"

"Augh-waugh," responded Dave.

Words, you know, are idle in an emergency—who wastes words in a crisis such as this? The next thing David knew

was the unwelcome visitation of a sufficient quantity of the coldest water to his sublime but sleeping countenance; and, as the usual result in all aquatic and amphibious experiments of this sort, David sat bolt upright and wide awake at once.

"Now, make the fire, or you shall have some more water."

There are two ways of impressing the memory. A congenial association of ideas will do it; and so will the most diverse and opposite commingling of thoughts. There is a sharp, pungent irony in dashing one's face with cold water to make one get up to kindle the fire, which prevents the hint from being wasted. In such a case, it is not easy to forget, though even the meekest spirit lodged in the thickest skin, is apt to feel vengeful and resentful, on such occasions; and if you are the person who distributed the water, take timely care that the ways of swift retreat are clearly open behind you—for we have known disaster to be the result of oversights in this respect. To be drifted from slumber by water conveyance, never yet soothed anybody's temper—the mildest are apt to swear—the most peaceful will become belligerent. 'Tis best to evaporate at the instant of the sprinkle, before eyes are opened wide enough to take an aim with boot, or shoe, or clothes-brush. No fear that the sleeping will be resumed.

David did arise, like a mermaid or a river-god, but in no gentle frame of mind. As he always got up crossly, and with emotions somewhat savage at being obliged again to mingle with life's harsh realities, he was as near frantic now as may be. To make the fire was an imperative necessity, and it was made with that commingling of "fire and fury," which furnishes evidence of the sulkiness and aggravation that reign within. The pussy that purred in the corner—the dog that stretched upon the hearth, both received abrupt evidences that David Dumps was in a state of extreme displeasure.

But it so happened that, as he struck them, an idea struck him, as if the collision had elicited a spark which fired up

the magazine of his brain. But, account for it as you may, there can be no doubt of the fact, that Dumps did catch an idea at the aforesaid moment. Not an idea of the ordinary description, such as are continually tumbling through men's minds, leaving no impression of any value behind them—ideas that would not bring sixpence for a hundred in the intellectual market, and which are by no means a fruitage worthy of any species of preservation; but an idea of that grand and comprehensive force of generalization, which set David Dumps up in business as a philosopher for the rest of his life, rendering him as nearly good for nothing, as his most ardent admirer could desire. It was a leading idea, to which David Dumps could bend all things, and from which he could, at any moment, deduce the most bitter of dissatisfactions: David stood with his mouth open to its full extent that the idea aforesaid, as it knocked against his cranium for admission, might be swallowed whole, which, possibly, is the reason why so many people open their mouths extensively at strange sights and unaccustomed words, the eye and the ear not being sufficient to receive the impression. Always, therefore, do the like when you wish to understand anything completely, and wear your mouth ajar at all times and seasons; for who knows what you may catch, if the trap be always set and ready to spring upon anything that passes.

But when David Dumps felt that he had secured the new idea, he shut his mouth with a snap, to make all safe, that his new idea might not fly out again as rapidly as it had gone in. Besides, he had gained wisdom enough for one day—as much, indeed, in his private opinion, as others collect in the whole course of their mortal lives; and he felt also that, perchance, he might injure himself and bring on mental dyspepsia, if there should be any sudden addition to the dose of wisdom which he had just taken. We must allow due time for the new idea to become assimilated to the old stock of intelligence, before we increase the supply, or the whole establishment may be thrown into inexplicable confusion.

"Some people," remarked David, after a long pause, in the course of which his nose hitched itself into wrinkles of supreme contempt, "some people never know nothing more than they know'd at first—they only know what they are told, and couldn't find a thought for themselves if it was a laying right before them squeaking to be taken up. There's not many that ever ketch an idea on their own hook; and they couldn't, if ideas were as thick as huckleberries on a bush. It takes such folks as me, who have heads for use and not for show, to discover the wisdom that's to be found in things. And so, while other people are laughing and rejoicing in their foolishness, because they can't see straight, you may hear me groaning at least a mile off, because I can see right through everything.

"Now as to them dogs and them cats. It appears to me, though I can't say I ever heard 'em at it—but it appears to me that they must be laughing at us all the time—for they are always idling or sleeping or feeding at our cost and expense, while we are at work from the time we get up till we go to bed again. What do they do, I'd like to know, but canœuvre round to enjoy themselves, while we have to get up and make fires, and cook vittals as much for them as for ourselves?—Oh, yes—warn and stretch, doggie—look at me lazy with your eyes half shut, for its me that's at work, not you. And now the fire burns a little, down you go in the warmest corner, as if you were one of the upper ten-thousanders, and had your boots cleaned every day by a colored pussun. You don't have to pay taxes, nutter, nor milishy fines—we have to go to market for you and let you in when you scratch at the door. And so, get out, warmin't!" and David lent the dog another kick—kicks being always lent, as the greatest favor, while blows, being cheaper, are freely given—lent the dog another kick, which put to flight at once not only the quadruped itself, but likewise all that quadruped's serenity of mind, while the cat, as another of the aristocratic

circles, met with very nearly a similar fate, both retiring with doleful lamentations.

"That's some comfort anyhow—if I can't make you work, I can make you sing out, which is very nigh as good;" and so with some slight emotion of pleasure, down sat David Dumps, to warm himself and meditate still further upon the idea which he had partially broached as above, that in the main, the beasts, and the birds, including the fishes, are much better off in this world than David Dumps or any of his kind.

And it is a favorite topic of discourse with him even now, when grown unto man's estate of length of limb and anxiety of mind—

"Lord of himself, that heritage of woe"—

his thoughts are full of the injustices of natural history; and if it were not that through man's peculiar cunning, some part of the animal creation has nearly as hard a time of it as Dumps himself, it is a doubt whether Dumps would consent to remain in the world at all, if he could find any particularly easy and pleasant way of getting himself out of it.

A cigar-shop is the natural resort of the meditative and inquiring. Smoke and speculation combine in perfect beauty, while the argument and the tobacco consume themselves together, leaving little but ashes behind. Men of the thinking sort, are fond of congregating of evenings at the cigar-shop, where and at which time, politics, war news, anecdote, and metaphysics, are particularly rife. Yes, if you would note the current feature of the time, go to the barber's in the morning, and stop for your cigars at night.

The cigar is the smoke pipe of the great social locomotive, and puffs it along, giving force to thought and fluency to expression. No great plan is laid—no grand project conceived, without the agency of cigars—at all "preparatory meetings," where two or three concoct public opinion for

the masses, the cigar opens the debate and sharpens the wit for discussion. Smoke, smoke is the mighty propulsive force of our country; and things will never go quite properly until the judge lights his regalia on the bench, and the juror sports his favorite brand in the box. Then, and not till then, will justice go like smoke.

Is talking your forte?—go to the cigar-shop, that you may be sure of an audience. Would you rather listen to the experiences of others, get thee to the cigar-shop, for budding oratory there holds forth, with chequers, perchance, or dominoes, in the little back-room. David Dumps is, of course, a smoker—a man of sorrow is almost always a man of addiction to the weed, for what of comfort can he elsewhere find?

And so in full divan, seated beneath the wooden Highlander, who is always taking snuff, there—even there at Quiggs's cigarrery, David Dumps had broached it as a truth not to be controverted, that with the exception of his ignorance of the various uses of the divine weed, it were better to be a dog than such a Roman.

"That's my candied opinion, any how," said Dumps, doggedly, almost barking as he spoke.

"Nothin's never right with Dumps," observed a fat gentleman with a rosy physiognomy, who looked as if everything agreed with him, just as he agreed with everything.

"Dumps, Dumps, Dumps," remarked another individual, with a considerable quantity of whisker, round which the smoke curled as if they were burning brush on the premises; "Dumps, what possible use can there be in your groaning all the time over what can not be helped?—It's very clear to me, Dumps, that you were not born to set the world to rights, and to fix everything over again just to suit yourself. It wouldn't be fair, Dumps, you see, even if it could be done, because may be, I shouldn't like it then any more than you like it now; and so, every man would be obligated to have a

little world all to himself; and hire a star to live in, the same way that people hire houses, paying rent by the quarter. See here, Dumps—if you happen to know any man that's rich enough to keep a grindstone, you had better go and have yourself made a little smoother about the edges. You're so rough now, that you hurt yourself and everybody else. If the world don't suit you, there's nothing for it but to make yourself suit the world. That's the way I do."

"Yes, yes, Dumps—try to be a man," remarked another—"be a reasonable critter, that puts up quietly with what he can't help—for Dumps, you'll find that you must put up with it whether or no, and growling is just so much of labor wasted. Wise folks never complain—they go right off and get a cigar or a fip's worth of cavendish, to sooth the feelin's. Be a man, Dumps—a reasonable critter."

"A man, indeed," retorted Dumps, morosely rejoiced at the opportunity thus afforded to ring in his favorite idea—"a pretty thing to be proud of—being a man. Why, what's a man, I'd like to know, to have to work and to scramble all the time for a miserable living, and then not to be able to get more than half a one, if you get that?—Fer my part, I'd be anything rather than a man. Nobody has good times in this world but the unreasonable critters, and they make their living easy.—Tell me, now, who asks a bird to pay up for what he wants?—He has no bill to trouble him but his own bill—that's his due-bill. The cats, and the dogs, and the cattle—they play all the time if they want to—sleep and play. If it wasn't that the city-dogs has hard times of it in summer, when they're out and forget their muzzles, I'd get right down on all fours and bark—I'd join the bow-wow chorus, as the only free and independent set that's going."

"But the horses, Dumps, and the mules, and the oxen—they are not much better off than you are."

"Very true; and there's some little comfort in that, as there is in a peep at the menagerie where they stir up the

animals and make them roar and growl for a living, like the tragedians at the theatre, though the animals don't get so much for the job. But that has nothing to do with the general principle, that in this world the reasonable critter has decidedly the worst of it in every possible p'int of view. Oh, what-a blessed thing it would be, if we lived by suction, and had feathers—that's the grand idea I'm driving at—nateral clothing—spontaniferous jackets, and free gratis trewsaloons, with nothing to do but open our mouths when we want our dinner. Do chickens learn a trade, and are cockrobins bound 'prentice? Are calves sent to school, or did you ever see a brindled cow trying to get a discount from the bank? Do rabbits go about to borrow money in great haste when it's near three o'clock, or must poodle-dogs shy round the corner when they see creditors coming?—No; it's left for me and for you to be full all the time of botheration and vexation, to keep life in our precious bodies. We don't lie down in the grass, to nibble a bit of clover between sleeps—you never saw me flutter up an apple-tree, to roost, with my head poked under my wing, or sitting with the pigeons atop of a chimbley, with no care on my mind only as to where I should fly to next, for the sake of fun. A man must not coil himself up on a cellar-door when the sun shines, or he'll be tuck up right away, as a fellow with no visible signs of living, when if rights was rights, all he should want as a visible sign of living would be a pretty good-sized mouth of his own, with a tolerable supply of teeth in it. Natur' ought to finish all we want to bite; and what we should have to do would be to have ourselves provided with something to bite with; and I'm pretty well off as to that. Give me the eatables, and I'll be bound to find whatever else is needed to make out my dinner. But, no—not at all—that's not the way the world is carried on under the present system of operations. Natur' doesn't care how great your appetite is. She never minds if you're as hungry as a hawk. Sposin' you were to do as the animals and the birds do—take what

you want and gobble it right up, why then they open a big book and say it's larceny—and so off you're sent to Miamensin for a year or two, to learn better manners. Now did you ever see a burglarious sheep in the Black Maria, or a thieving chicken going along with a constable holding by the cuff of its neck? I guess not—all these little comforts are kept for the reasonable critters—nobody else has the enjoyment but only men, and much good it does them. Be a man, indeed!—that's the worst of it. I am a man already, and am willing to swop places with almost anything that isn't a man. I'd rather be a sunfish dodging about in the canal, to get clear of the boys with their pin-hooks, than to be the president of the United States, who always has trouble about him quite as big as his salary."

Having thus unburthened his mind of the great idea that it did groan withal, David Dumps set forth with the largest of all possible cigars in his mouth, being firmly of the impression that one's cigar should be proportioned to one's sorrow. A little cigar is an amusement, while it requires a big one to be a consolation. Where David passed the intervening time, we do not know, but at a late hour in the night, he was seen performing many curious antics in illustration of the idea.

"I should like to be a calf," said he, and he bleated. "Oh, if I'd only been born a sheep," added he, and he baa'd. And thus the neighborhood was rendered vocal by all the sounds of the agricultural interests. We are not sure indeed but that he jumped upon a high step and crowed, and tones like that of a turkey-gobbler resounded along the street. There was no end to the eccentricities of David Dumps on that memorable night; but being unable to reach home, from divers antagonistic causes, he fell asleep in a corner, muttering that he wished he could have feathers to save the tailor's bill, could roost on a cherry-tree, to avoid the expenses of lodging, and derive nourishment by an inhalation of the air, to escape the cost of beef-steaks.

"I want to be independent," sighed he, "and I'll sleep here by way of a beginning."

Poor Dumps—his indifference caught him such a dreadful cold, that he is disposed for the future to eschew all experiment upon new methods of living, and if he can not do exactly as the turkeys do, he will try to behave a little more like other people, it being cheapest in the end.

FLYNTHEY HARTE:

OR, THE HARDENING PROCESS.

"I'll knock your head off!" accompanied by an effort, partially at least, to carry the threat into execution, formed the earliest outpouring of maternal tenderness that little Flyntey Harte could bring to mind; and it made an impression, both mental and physical, which time has been unable to efface.

"I'll knock your head off!" exclaimed Mrs. Flyntey Harte—a good-enough woman in her way, everybody said, but, as the good-enough family often are, quite unused to self-restraint, innocent altogether of the theory and practice of self-government, and wofully addicted, when provoked or vexed, to extravagances of speech and redundancies of action. Such was particularly the case in the present instance. The young Flyntey being affected with a crossness and a perversity at a moment when the good lady aforesaid had no temper for the endurance—these stages of condition always happen out of time—the young Flyntey was, of course, forthwith accommodated with a sonorous box o' the ear, intended mainly to sooth his perturbed spirit, while it likewise served all the purposes of an orrery to his as yet unenlightened understanding. Flyntey saw quite as many stars, in galaxy or in constellation, as ever became apparent to the astronomer; but unfortunately for Mrs. Flyntey Harte, the remedial means resorted to, rather tended to aggravate than to counteract the disorder; and little Flyntey, who had given offence in the first place by the expression of his uneasiness, having now



Flintey Harte ; or, the Hardening Process.

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an increase to his uneasiness, set himself to work at an increased expression and with renewed offence. Consequently, there was quite a "bawl" at Mrs. Flyntey Harte's, with more of music in it than was agreeable or diverting, inducing several other demonstrations, knockingly, at little Flyntey's head, to allay the storm which had been caused by knocks.

"Won't you hush?"—and as Flyntey gave no token of acquiescence, but, on the contrary, expanded his mouth still wider, he was "taken and shaken," to the variation, though perhaps not to the improvement of his vocal strain.

The resources of genius, as regards the administration of nursery affairs, appeared at last to be exhausted. Mrs. Flyntey Harte sat down to rock herself, in all the energy of despair; and little Flyntey Harte roared away as lustily as ever, over the griefs, known and unknown, which disturbed his mental tranquillity. But a new idea suddenly flashed into the maternal mind, like one of those strategic inspirations which often gain the day when the battle is seemingly lost.

"I'll give you something to cry for!" screamed the lady, again taking up the controversy, on the assumption that like cures like; and it must be confessed that she was fully equal to her word. Little Flyntey was immediately furnished with something to cry for, in addition to that which he had received already, and being thus furnished, under a belief that by this species of urging he would the sooner be induced to cry himself out, he took ample occasion to demonstrate the soundness and endurance of the lungs with which he was gifted, and perversely afforded no prospect whatever of being cried out in any reasonable space of time.

"That boy will be the death of me!" thundered paternity, in the shape of Mr. Flyntey Harte, who had come ravaging homeward for his dinner, and whose acerbities were, therefore, in a high state of activity. "My dear, why don't you hush him up at once?" added he, giving force to the idea by a "dumb motion," pantomimic of the spank.

"He can't be 'hushed up, as you call it," replied Mrs. Flyntey Harte. "I'm sure it's not my fault—no mother pays more attention to her children than I do—I've been slapping him, and shaking him, off and on, for the whole blessed morning"—and she immediately offered a few samples of both methods of operation—"but, in spite of all I can do, he is bad as bad can be yet. I can't think, for my part, what the brat would have."

"Pshaw!" retorted old Mr. Flyntey Harte; "you women never know how to manage a child—let me at him a minute!" and Flyntey went at him with a zeal probably deserving of better success; but little Flyntey Harte continued, notwithstanding all the parental care lavished upon him, to roar and to whine alternately until he fell fast asleep through weariness and exhaustion.

Thus ended one day in the life of little Flyntey Harte, this one day exposing with clearness the principle on which his domestic education was conducted, and perhaps, likewise, affording a glimpse of the results to which it led. His parents had no other method of training intellect, and of forming character, than that which may be described as the system of terrorism; and, with the best intentions in the world, to "terrorism" they resorted, upon all occasions of difficulty. It seemed to simplify the problem so, and to condense, as it were, all the perplexing theories of youthful cultivation into a plain and practical doctrine, capable of being applied on the instant, and under any circumstances whatever. There was a saving, too, of time, and care, and thought, in coming to the comfortable conclusion that the wisest way of bringing little Flyntey up, was to knock little Flyntey down. It levelled the difficulty at once, besides being so wholesome and pleasant to the instructor, who, in this view of the subject, is under no obligation to suppress wrath, or to restrain the emotions of impatience. On the contrary, it seems to be a permission to slap away, right and left, killing two birds with one stone, by at once gratifying your own pugnacity, and

giving your pupil an impulse forward in the walks of useful knowledge. But it must be confessed, however, unfortunately both for the theory here alluded to and for little Flyntey Harte himself, that, while no boy ever had more "pains" bestowed upon him in the processes of education, it is also true that no boy ever yielded more "pains" in return—as if it were on a principle of poetical justice that caused the sowing and the reaping to be somewhat similar in kind. Flyntey was "corrected" every day of his existence—sometimes twice, if not thrice a day; and yet popular report set him down proverbially as the worst lad in the neighborhood. Was it not strange that such should be the discouraging result of so much toil of arm and expenditure of strap, and that the only advantage derived by either of the parties should be merely deducible from the exercise?

Not an hour passed that it was not announced to little Flyntey, formally or informally, that his wickedness was beyond all other wickedness; and little Flyntey took it as a matter of course, that he was wicked, that he must be wicked, and wicked he therefore was, to all intents and purposes; no good being expected from him, which, we take it, in a stout constitution, either for evil or its opposite, is as sure a way as any, of making it certain that no good will come.

"Might just as well enjoy myself," said little Flyntey; "they don't expect any better from me."

It was astonishing to both father and mother that Flyntey had no instinctive notions about *meum* and *tuum*; and that he should have come into the world so surprisingly ignorant of the fundamental principles of the social compact, as to lay his unhallowed hands on whatever he wanted; and we are constrained to admit that a knowledge of the rights of property was not spontaneous in his infant mind; so that, if he desired to have a thing, it was most likely, if occasion served, that he would take that very thing, putting it either into his mouth or into his pocket, with no very serious visitations of

remorse for having gone contrary to the statutes. We can not well account for it, but there is no contending against the fact, made apparent so frequently, that Flyntey's propensities, appetites, and inclinations, were developed in advance of his reasoning and restraining powers. Was he not a wicked one, the little Flyntey, not to comprehend, as soon as his eyes were open, that people on this earth are not to do exactly as they like?—and what are we to expect from that childhood, like Flyntey's, which could not at once anticipate the wisdom gathered by years? Of course, there was but one recipe for expediting his intellectual progress, and many chastisements were invoked to ripen conscience, and to expand causality.

“Let that alone, you Flyntey!

“And why must I let it alone?—I want that—I will have that!”

“Because, if you don't let it alone, I'll whip you within an inch of your life—I will, you thief!”

The reasoning, perhaps, may be regarded as sound—there is no doubt whatever that the whipping to which it pointed was, in general, sound enough—but yet little Flyntey Harte could only understand from this admonition, not so much that it was his duty and his best interest to resist the impulses of his acquisitiveness, as that it was his policy so to regulate them as to “'scape whipping.” He saw nothing more than the arbitrary will of another and a stronger, based upon barefaced power, arraying itself against the cravings of his own individual will, and condescending to no kindly explanations of its conduct; and little Flyntey, unconvinced, called in the flexibilities of insincerity and cunning, to enable him to creep round obstacles that he could not directly surmount. The petty larceny, in consequence, bloomed into one of his choicest accomplishments. Nay, even when detection was inevitable, he weighed and balanced the good with the evil. If the pleasure of attaining his end seemed to transcend the torment of the penalty,

he enjoyed the one at the cost of the other, and looked upon himself as a gainer by the bargain.

Another singular result soon manifested itself. Little Flyntey Harte, though himself fresh, as it were, from the sorrows of affliction, and from the griefs of infliction, proved to be a tyrant and an oppressor—very cruel and very barbarous, to all who were unable to defend themselves—he moved a terror to the smaller children, and a horror to the cats and dogs. He had, somehow or other—can you imagine how?—gathered one generalization into his magazine of maxims, that pain of a corporeal nature is the great actuating impulse of the world, and that it should be employed as a means of procuring amusement as freely as for any other purpose whatever. “If you are not hurt yourself,” thought Flyntey, “it’s prime sport to hurt other people,” and accordingly, none were safe from his machinations in that respect; and direful were the complaints on this score against little Flyntey Harte. But here again—what is to be done in such a case?—the precepts of humanity, so industriously flogged into him, answered no other end than that of increasing the evil, by rendering it the more guarded, and the more difficult to avoid. Even the mollifying influence of ratan, cowskin, or horsewhip, were impotent in imparting the lessons of kindness, charity, and love. They rather aggravated the treacherousness of and malignity which they were intended to eradicate.

There had been an endeavor, likewise, according to the canons of flagellation, to place young Flyntey Harte *en rapport* with veracity, that he might, in the way of forming a creditable acquaintance, sometimes have to do with the truth. But, by his own sinister mode of reasoning, our hero came to peculiar conclusions:—

“Flyntey, did you take that sugar, or smoke them cigars?” inquired his father, as he gave significant pliancy to a rod; “come—tell the truth now.”

“If I do tell the truth,” mused Flyntey, eying the rod

askance, and estimating from long experience, its capacity for mischief, "if I do tell the truth, there is no mistake about it—I shall be whaled, sartin—but if I don't tell the truth, may be I'll get off clear—their's the chances; and I go for the chances."

"No, sir; it wasn't me," replied Flyntey, with an iron countenance, and with that steady front of denial which practice in deceit is sure to give; and it depended upon the chances aforesaid whether he should be chastised or not; but if, unluckily, the evidences of the deed, or the accidental exasperations of paternal temper were against him, Flyntey Harte would be corrected *in extenso*. In that event the result was still the same as before hinted at.

"I'll teach you to steal sugar!" and the lesson did teach him, not so much that the felonious appropriation of forbidden sweets was improper and unjustifiable, but that it should be done, Spartanlike, in a way to preclude the possibility of being discovered. The deficiency was made up in sand.

"I'll teach you to tell falsehoods!" and the teaching—which played lively enough about the back, but came not near the heart—did induce the patient to exercise more ingenuity in the getting up of denials, subterfuges, and evasions, than had been his preceding practice.

"They talk to me a good deal about the truth," soliloquized Flyntey, "and they say truth is a pretty nice sort of thing; but I don't believe a word of it. Own up, must I, whenever I've had a bit of fun to myself? I sha'n't!—Owning up is always a pair of boxed ears—I don't like that—and as for the truth, why that is a thunderin' big hiding, every time. They ask me for the truth; and when I tell it, they always switch me; and if I don't tell the truth, then they switch me to make me tell it; and after I have told it, they switch me again, because I told it. Whenever I hear of the truth, it's as sure as can be, that switching is not far off. They always go together; and I'll do my best

to keep out of such disagreeable company. If they want to know who it was that broke the closet window, and took the preserves, let 'em find it out by their learning. It's just as easy to say no, as it is to say yes; and it's cheaper, considerable. And now I'll go and enjoy myself. Catch me telling the truth, to get a flogging."

"Fun!—yes—there's going to be fun this afternoon," muttered little Flyntey Harte, as he skulked about a house at the corner, now loitering at the pump, and anon gazing idly into the shop-windows, giving, from time to time, a short peculiar whistle, as a subdued signal to some desired companion. It could scarcely be said that Flyntey's countenance wore a smile—the hardening process and its deceitful consequences had long ago swept smiles for ever from his face, and had left instead, a joyless contortion of feature that had nothing of mirthfulness about it, even when the cordage of his physiognomy pulled hard to open gates for laughter. Flyntey had no laughter in him—there was none of the joyousness of youth about his hard and careworn look, with its premature expression of depravity; and when he would be merry, it was awkward, ungainly, and unpractised, dashed too, with a tinge of malice and revenge, as if it were but an ambush for the stealthy approach of trick and enmity. But in the instance now referred to, it was evident that Flyntey had a thought within, which was pleasant to himself at least—whatever it might prove to others.

"Fun for two!" again ejaculated he, with a gleam of stony delight; and there was a cold sparkle in his eye, coupled with a compression of the lip that spoke of mischief.

"Fun!" said he?—Fun needs to be defined. Many things are honored with the name of fun, which are eventually discovered to be anything but fun. The funny man is

too often a sad fellow; and the frog is in the right of it, who decided that fun to me might be death to him. When such folks as Flyntey Harte thus rub their hands together, anticipating glee, the fun in contemplation is to be a monopoly, leaving one of the parties to the affair as far from realizing the fun as can well be imagined. Ringing people's bells, considered in juvenility, is fun in some sort, as you thought once, and ran in joy away; but it is a shrewd question with the philosopher, whether rheumatic and wearied Sally, after a hard day's work, is alive to a full appreciation of the fun which calls her, by tintinnabulation and these eccentric campanologian performances, from the deep recess of kitchen, or from sweet repose in garrets, to find none but nobody at street-doors. Do you not—most funny one—now hear her growling in retreat? Yes, Sally grumbles, ay, and Juba, too, to be disturbed in this, your funny fashion. The whole department of hoaxing and of practical jokery is of the same description of one-sided fun; and though it be set down as fun to throw eggs into a crowd, still, it is not often that the recipient thereof is overwhelmed with gratitude at the favor so liberally bestowed. A snow-ball in one's bed, or freezing water in a boot, often convulses the performer of the deed with deepest bursts of laughter; yet it will be observed as a general rule, that the effect upon the person for whom all this trouble has been taken, is for the most part, and in the majority of instances, widely different; as indeed will also show itself to be the case when a trap is left upon the stairs, to cause the unwary to go through a certain series of ground and lofty tumbling, for the amusement of those who are in the secret and who listen for the clatter. Thus, too, when the chair upon which you purpose to deposite yourself, is suddenly withdrawn, and your descent is considerably greater and more rapid than you had reason to anticipate, it is within the scope of likelihood that your usually placid brow will be corrugated with frowns, and that the few words you do speak in answer to

the mirth of bystanders, will embody more of the force than of the graces of our language.

Flyntey's look, therefore, indicated some species of fun of this restricted nature—the sport to be all here—the annoyance and the suffering all there; and he now awaited the approach of an accomplice—one Badde Feller, who, without the intensity of character and the powers of invention, that so eminently distinguished Flyntey Harte, and made him instinctively a leader, had yet the faculty of following in another's trail, and of admiring the imprint of a broader footstep than his own.

“Fun!—where?” inquired Badde Feller, with his usual sneaking smirk, being then in process of an errand, with a bottle in one hand, and a shilling in the other.

“Here!” growled Flyntey, tapping upon the breast of his jacket, with an air of lofty superiority. “Peep in there, and tell me what you think of that?”

“Why, if it isn't a pistil—an 'orse pistil! Is it borrered?”

“Hooked, you goose,” replied Flyntey, with a smile; “hooked round at Jones's—leave me alone for that—baby was at the door, and I tumbled it off the steps, for fun; but then, thinks I to myself, thinks I, now's the time; so I picked baby Jones up in my arms, gave baby Jones a pinch or two, to make it squeal the louder, and carried it into the shop, poor little Jones!—the folks all came running to see what was the matter—gave me two cents for being a good boy, and, as I came out, I hooked the pistol! ho! ho!”

“And shot off too, I guess, ha! ha!” jocularly and delightedly added Badde Feller; “it takes you, Flyntey, to do good things—I'd never thought of that 'are—never.”

“I guess not—but now we've got the pistol, what else is to be done?”

“Shoot something, mustn't we?” added Badde Feller, with an innocent smile. “Kill somebody's dog, won't we?”

“Ay; but where's the powder, and the shot, and the bullets? Get them, and we'll shoot Jones's pet cat to begin

with. Stop—I have it—keep that bottle and sell it—give me the shilling to get the powder, and afterward you can tell your old man that you fell down, and spilt the whiskey—that’s the plan. You’d never have thought of that, neither—it takes me.”

Badde Feller demurred, lacking nerve for the crisis; but at length his fears were overcome; and it will be seen in the engraving how the plans against Jones’s cat were pushed from abstract theory into the full flush of glorious practice. Jones’s cat perished, yielding up at least one of its nine lives; but the murder had a witness in the dowager Mrs. Jones. It was “my grandmother’s cat,” and thereby hangs a tale, though that the cat be dead by the remorseless hands of Flyntey Harte.

This affair proved to be catastrophical, as well, or as ill, to Flyntey Harte, as to Jones’s unhappy cat. Investigation was instituted—the evidence being direct, not circumstantial, left not a hinge or loop to hang a doubt on—the larceny of the pistol—the death of the pussy—and the deluding of Badde Feller, who played innocence on the occasion, and “owned up” as state’s evidence, under the plea of having been cajoled into disappointing his father in regard to the bottle and the shilling—relative to which, however, we do not believe one word—all formed a terrific array of criminal fact against young Flyntey Harte; and as, unfortunately for himself, it had not been his luck to have killed a man, and to be tried by a jury, which would have secured the verdict of acquittal, a conviction and a punishment came inexorably down upon him, after the manner to which he had been long accustomed. Flyntey Harte, the elder, with a nerve worthy of the first Brutus, made a last effort to scourge his precious offspring into that wholesome appreciation of the beauties of honesty, humanity, and truthfulness, which as yet seemed to be a sealed book to his perverted eyes. The result, however, was as “striking” as the means employed; for young Flyntey Harte beat a retreat in the middle of the night, after

breaking whatever was breakable, silently, about the house. His own clothes went with him, added to other choice selections in the way of apparel; and he took as much of the paternal cash as became available in the opening of desks and drawers. Nay, he had even made well-intended arrangements for a domiciliary conflagration, which failed through mischance; and the words—

“GON TO SEE,”

were scrawled in charcoal upon the wall of his chamber, in such equivocal orthography, that none could tell whether he had emarked his fortunes on the ocean wave, or had merely set forth “to see” the world, in a more earthly way. But whatever be the way chosen by young Flyntey Harte—on the waters or on the dry land—is a way which will lead to prisons, if not to that greater elevation whence it is usual to “drop the subject;” and if so, it is left to consideration where the blame and responsibility should rest, for all Flyntey Harte’s mischances and misdeeds. The theme, perhaps, may be found worthy of a moment’s thought, in its connexion with the varied systems of youthful training with which our age abounds.

THE MERRY CHRISTMAS AND THE HAPPY NEW YEAR
OF
MR. DUNN BROWN.

Poor Mr. Dunn Brown !

Do you not, friend, pity any one who thus bears engraved upon his front the unerring signs of a sad and discontented spirit — you, we mean, all of you, who are gifted — if, as this world goes, it be a gift to feel acutely those sorrows which appertain rather to our neighbors than ourselves — who are afflicted, then, if you prefer it so, with philanthropy and tenderness of heart ? Are you not disposed, when in the mood, and with time to spare for the purpose, to weep over the unknown sufferings of the rueful Mr. Dunn Brown, and to enter largely on the work of sympathization and of condolence, shaking him gently by the hand, with a tear or two in your eye, as you advise him to be of good cheer, and to “get up and try it again ?” We are sure it must be so.

Yet we fear that all of this disinterested kindness of yours is a waste and a throwing away of benevolence. Mr. Dunn Brown is not to be comforted — Mr. Dunn Brown does not wish to be comforted — Mr. Dunn Brown regards himself as happier to be unhappy than all the rest of the world as it revels in felicity and runs riot in delight. Laugh who will — sing who may — dance whoever has the agility — Dunn Brown has more of pleasure, according to his ideas of pleasure, in these doleful groanings of his than is to be conceived of by any of the inferior nature. For, as he thinks, they, poor creatures, “don’t know any better.” But he — Mr. Dunn Brown — will not enjoy delight upon such terms as

these—he knows a great deal better—ask him, and he will tell you so—and therefore, on a principle, makes the worst of things, and exults sulkily in his superior wisdom, with a smile of scornfulness and contempt for those triflers in the sunbeam who are so weak as to be content and merry. Dunn Brown is not to be caught in the perpetration of such a silliness, but growls, he does, and grumbles, in all the exasperation of a splenetic spirit—the great, the wise, the profound Mr. Dunn Brown—who is there, anywhere, but Mr. Dunn Brown? Who is there that has been, can be, or will be, to compare with Mr. Dunn Brown?

True, Mr. Dunn Brown, with his keen perception of values, wishes misanthropically, both night and morning, that he never had been born, regarding it as the greatest misfortune that ever happened to him, to have made an appearance on this sublunary sphere of trouble and disquietude; but, for all that, Mr. Dunn Brown is as firm as can be in the faith that it would have been a disaster to the world itself, if the age we live in had not been enlightened by his example, and by the comments on it which were only to be imagined and uttered by a man like him—if, indeed, there could by possibility have been another man like him cotemporaneous with Mr. Dunn Brown—who firmly believes that, however it may be with others, he stands alone, without a parallel—only one Dunn Brown—the rest are verdant in their tinge and coloring. He—he only—is not to be deceived by the toys and sugar-plums of existence, into a belief that there is anything worth living for—he sees, he knows, he comprehends; and he scorns the superficial gilding which makes others happy in their tinselled gingerbread.

When Dunn Brown rises in the morning, he rails at the day which calls him to another succession of plagues and perplexities, in causing ends to meet, and in providing for the demands of business. When Mr. Dunn Brown goes to bed at night, Mr. Dunn Brown is at least half inclined to the opinion, that if it were not for the loss that would thus be

sustained by society, it would be an economy if he were never to wake again—a saving in the way of tears and a retrenchment in the matter of misanthropic reflection. You should see Mr. Dunn Brown as he makes his forlorn appearance at the breakfast-table, and imbibes his nutriment—how he carps, how he complains, how he argues against the soundness of every proposition that may be broached; objecting to the coffee, impugning the cakes, and placing the seal of his reprobation on the savory sausage; croaking and eating until the argument and the appetite are both exhausted, and his hunger and his querulousness are satisfied and silenced. Do see Mr. Dunn Brown at his breakfast, in preference to a visit to the menagerie. Should the process be converted into an exhibition, it would be cheap at twenty-five cents, only to acquire a knowledge of the ferocious capabilities of Mr. Dunn Brown.

“And now, a merry Christmas to you, Mr. Dunn Brown.”

“Merry stuff—merry nonsense—merry fiddlesticks!” responds Mr. Dunn Brown—“pretty merriment, indeed, to be compelled to empty your pockets, whether you want to or not, to give things to people who don’t care a button about you, after they have obtained what they want, with their merry Christmas, and all that—and that’s not the worst of it either, for you must bother your brains for a week, thinking what you shall give them, and then not hit upon the right thing after all—all sorts of things, too, that are useless—fine books to those who never read, with precious curiosities that only serve to lumber up all the dark closets. Now, I’ll leave it to any man, any woman—yes, and any child, I will, whether it is not the first requisite of a Christmas-box, that it should not be available for any purpose—too fine to touch—too frail to be employed. The whole house is cluttered up with Christmas-boxes; and all the children are either crying over their broken toys, or are very sick with surfeits of pie and candy. D’ye call that merry Christmas, I’d like to know?”

"Oh, yes—'merry Christmas,' to be sure—and what does that mean? Yes—what does that mean when you take your dictionary and translate it into plain language? Why, a half-dollar at least, if it does not come to a great deal more than fifty cents. You want to be merry at my expense, do you, Mr. Merry Christmas?—Well, when I'm sent to the legislature, I'll have a law passed against all such merriments, I will. Every man shall shake his own hand, and everybody buy his own Christmas-box—that's my notion, and that's the way I'd box 'em, all round, and see who'd be merry then."

"A happy New-Year, Mr. Dunn Brown—I wish you a very happy New-Year."

"A happy New-Year!" cries Mr. Dunn Brown; "I wish you would tell me where I'm to find the happiness of the New-Year, when all the world comes pecking at me with their bills, as if a man had nothing else to do but to pay money—everything going out and not a farthing coming in—tailors' boys, bootmakers' boys—all sorts of boys, bill in one hand and t'other hand extended for the cash, pulling at the bell, too, as if it was the greatest sport in the world to prevent a man from having one moment of peace and happiness. And this is your New-Year—your happy New-Year! The old year was bad enough; but each of your New-Years is a great deal worse than any that went before. I can say for one, that I never want to see a New-Year again as long as I live; for no sooner is the old year fixed off comfortably, than in comes another to disturb the whole arrangement."

It will thus be seen that Mr. Dunn Brown is ever to be found in that melancholy measure which is familiarly known to the rest of the world as "a peck of troubles;" and that whatever may chance to occur, it is certain to give rise to a discourse somewhat of the funereal order. To all anniversaries he has an especial aversion, and nothing moves his wrath more effectively than to speak of the celebration of a birthday—his own, or that of any other person.

"Your birthday, Mr. Dunn Brown—is it not? How old, Mr. Dunn Brown?"

"How old?"—why not, O world!—why not, in this matter, change and transmute your phraseology? How old!—is it agreeable thus to be reminded of the course of time and of the progress of decay, by your "how old?" Would it not be as easy to say, "How young are you now," instead of thus continually reminding people that their span on earth is marching rapidly to its close?

"And here it is again!" exclaims Mr. Dunn Brown. "Why could not our lives have been begun at the other end, so that we might be growing younger every day, instead of dwindling into wrinkles and gray hairs?—then they would say 'fifty years young,' instead of 'fifty years old,' which would be vastly more agreeable—'getting young fast'—wouldn't that be nice? But to rejoice over birthdays, the way they have them now, it's the silliest thing I ever heard of. Nobody sees me making a fuss about my birthday, any more than I do about your merry Christmas and your happy New-Year. No—I keep just as quiet about it as ever I can—sort'er dodge round it, and try to make myself forget that there ever was such a thing as a birthday, instead of ciphering over it as some people do, as if there were a pleasure in counting how much is gone and how little remains."

It will, therefore, be perceived that Mr. Dunn Brown is a species of philosopher—sad and sombre—as we find it usually the case with your incipient philosopher, who, in the first stages of his advancement, cries aloud that all is barren. But Dunn Brown advances no further than grumbletonianism; and we fear that there he will remain, Dunn Brown, convinced that man, legitimately, is never properly employed unless he is engaged in the useful operation of shedding tears of vain regret and finding fault with that which is to be regarded as the irremediable, not knowing that there is something beyond this which enables humanity to make the best

of its position and to be happy with the circumstances which surround it.

But still, Dunn Brown has that negative happiness which consists in pluming himself upon his superior sagacity in the pleasant labor of the discovering of miseries and the preparation of torments, while he likewise gathers comfort in the habit of despising those who are foolish enough not to engage in the cultivation of sorrow, which with Dunn Brown may be regarded as a species of wholesale manufacture.

"Any man"—it is Dunn Brown's decided conviction, which he carries out practically—"any man—a live man, who is not decidedly miserable all the time he is alive, must be a goose—there's no alternative. I'm thankful I'm not a goose, but a sensible, thinking individual, and, of course, just about as miserable a man as you could wish to see, especially about the New-Year, when the silly ones keep up such a firing of guns, as if they could drive off the charges of creditors by the discharges of blank-cartridge—a thing not to be did. But I do wish that a man could somehow or other contrive to run away from himself as easily as he can run away from other people. If anybody will find out how to do that, he shall be remembered in my will, if there happens to be anything over, which, from present appearances, isn't very likely."

And so Mr. Dunn Brown sits down in his "old armchair," to rail at the world and to congratulate himself upon his own wretchedness, until he is shrivelled away to a mere anatomy, unhappy Dunn and melancholy Brown! One of his children is to be educated as a sexton, while the other is to walk abroad in the shadowy guise of an undertaker, as Dunn Brown himself saunters through creation as its mourner-in-chief, by constitution and by preference. Should he be smitten by the love of military renown, the regiment he belongs to must parade and muster as "the Blues"—no other color will serve—no other color can prevail where he is present; and should too much of mirthfulness pervade your vicinity,

ask Mr. Dunn Brown to step in now and then, and our life on it, there will soon be a sufficient infusion of gall and bitterness, of misanthropy and discontent, to qualify the whole matter to suit the most lugubrious fancy. Dunn Brown is a perpetual *memento mori*—an everlasting remembrancer of the insecurity of all human happiness; and we'd like to see any of you venture upon a laugh or try the experiment of a joke in his awful presence. Next to the obituary notices in the journals, one of Dunn Brown's greatest enjoyments in life is in the perusal of the bulletin-boards of the newspaper-offices, when they recount the latest steamboat disaster, or the most recent catastrophe upon a railroad. Depend upon it, that he will meet you on the wharf, or greet you at the depot, with all the most comfortable particulars of the peril you are about to encounter. In this respect, Dunn Brown is careful that you should have none of that species of bliss which is the offspring of ignorance; and should you thus serve to furnish an item of "appalling intelligence," you will be pleased to remember, as the boiler bursts, that you would rush upon your fate in defiance of the friendly cautions of your careful friend, the immortal Dunn Brown, who knew well how it would be, and who did not hesitate to tell you so. Perhaps the thought may prove a source of comfort in your sufferings. At all events, 'twas not the fault of Mr. Dunn Brown. Was it, now?

PELEG W. PONDER:

OR, THE POLITICIAN WITHOUT A SIDE.

It is a curious thing—an unpleasant thing—a very embarrassing sort of thing—but the truth must be told—if not at all times, at least sometimes; and truth now compels the declaration, that Peleg W. Ponder, whose character is here portrayed, let him travel in any way, can not arrive at a conclusion. He never had one of his own. He scarcely knows a conclusion, even if he should chance to see one belonging to other people. And, as for reaching a result, he would never be able to do it, if he could stretch like a giraffe. Results are beyond his compass. And his misfortune is, perhaps, hereditary, his mother's name having been Mrs. Perplexity Ponder, whose earthly career came to an end while she was in dubitation as to which of the various physicians of the place should be called in. If there had been only one doctor in the town, Perplexity Ponder might have been saved. But there were many—and what could Perplexity do in such a case?

Ponder's father was run over by a wagon, as he stood debating with himself, in the middle of the road, whether he should escape forward or retreat backward. There were two methods of extrication, and between them both old Ponder became a victim. How then could their worthy son, Peleg, be expected to arrive at a conclusion? He never does.

Yet, for one's general comfort and particular happiness, there does not appear to be any faculty more desirable than the power of "making up the mind." Right or wrong, it saves a deal of wear and tear; and it prevents an infinite variety of trouble. Commend us to the individual who closes upon propositions like a nutcracker—whose promptness of will has a sledge-hammer way with it, and hits nails continually on the head. Genius may be brilliant—talent commanding; but what is genius, or what is talent, if it lack that which we may call the clinching faculty—if it hesitates, veers, and flutters—suffers opportunity to pass, and stumbles at occasion? To reason well is much, no doubt; but reason loses the race, if it sits in meditation on the fence when competition rushes by.

Under the best of circumstances, something must be left to hazard. There is a chance in all things. No man can so calculate odds in the affairs of life as to insure a certainty. The screws and linchpins necessary to our purpose have not the inflexibility of a fate; yet they must be trusted at some degree of risk. Our candle may be put out by a puff of wind on the stairs, let it be sheltered ever so carefully. Betsy is a good cook, yet beefsteaks have been productive of strangulation. Does it then follow from this, that we are never to go to bed, except in the dark, and to abstain from breaking our fast until dinner is announced?

One may pause and reflect too much. There must be action, conclusion, result, or we are a failure, to all intents and purposes—a self-confessed failure—defunct from the beginning. And such was the case with Peleg W. Ponder, who never arrived at a conclusion, or contrived to reach a result. Peleg is always "stumped"—he "don't know what to think"—he "can't tell what to say"—an unfinished gentleman, with a mind like a dusty garret, full, as it were, of rickety furniture, yet nothing serviceable—broken-backed chairs—three-legged tables—pitchers without a handle—cracked decanters and fractured looking-glasses—that museum of

mutilations, in which housewifery rejoices, under the vague, but never-realized hope, that these things may eventually "come in play." Peleg's opinions lie about the workshop of his brain, in every stage of progress but the last—chips, sticks, and sawdust, enough, but no article ready to send home.

Should you meet Peleg in the street, with "Good morning, Peleg—how do you find yourself to-day?"

"Well—I don't know exactly—I'm pretty—no, not very—pray, how do you do, yourself?"

Now, if a man does not know exactly, or nearly, how he is, after being up for several hours, and having had abundant time to investigate the circumstances of his case, it is useless to propound questions of opinion to such an individual. It is useless to attempt it with Peleg. "How do you do," puzzles him—he is fearful of being too rash, and of making a reply which might not be fully justified by after-reflection. His head may be about to ache, and he has other suspicious feelings.

"People are always asking me how I do, and more than half the time I can't tell—there's a good many different sorts of ways of feeling betwixt and between 'Very sick, I thank you,' and 'Half dead, I'm obliged to you;' and people won't stop to hear you explain the matter. They want to know right smack, when you don't know right smack yourself. Sometimes you feel things a-coming, and just after, you feel things a-going. And nobody's exactly prime all the while. I ain't, anyhow—I'm kinder so just now, and I'm sorter t'other way just after.—Then, some people tell you that you look very well, when you don't feel very well—how then?"

At table, Peleg is not exactly sure what he will take; and sits looking slowly up and down the board, deliberating what he would like, until the rest of the company have finished their repast, there being often nothing left which suits Peleg's hesitating appetite.

Peleg has never married—not that he is averse to the connubial state—on the contrary, he has a large share of the susceptibilities, and is always partially in love. But female beauty is so various. At one time, Peleg is inclined to believe that perfection lies in queenly dignity—the majesty of an empress fills his dreams; and he looks down with disdain upon little people. He calls them “squabs,” in derogation. But anon, in a more domestic mood, he thinks of fireside happiness and quiet bliss, declining from the epic poetry of loveliness, to the household wife, who might be disposed to bring him his slippers, and to darn the hole in his elbow. When in the tragic vein, he fancies a brunette; and when the sunshine is on his soul, blue eyes are at a premium. Should woman possess the lightness of a sylph, or should her charms be of the more solid architecture? Ought her countenance to beam in smiles, or will habitual pensiveness be the more interesting? Is sparkling brilliancy to be preferred to gentle sweetness?

“If there wasn’t so many of them, I shouldn’t be so bothered,” said Peleg; “or, if they all looked alike, a man couldn’t help himself. But yesterday, I wanted this one—to-day, I want that one; and to-morrow, I’ll want t’other one; and how can I tell, if I should get this, or that, or t’other, that it wouldn’t soon be somebody else that I really wanted? That’s the difficulty. It always happens so with me. When the lady’s most courted, and thinks I ought to speak out, then I begin to be skeered, for fear I’ve made a mistake, and have been thinking I loved her, when I didn’t. May be it’s not the right one—may be she won’t suit—may be I might do better—may be I had better not venture at all. I wish there wasn’t so many ‘may-bes’ about everything, especially in such affairs. I’ve got at least a dozen unfinished courtships on hand already.”

But all this happened a long time ago; and Peleg has gradually lost sight of his fancy for making an addition to his household. Not that he has concluded, even yet, to

remain a bachelor. He would be alarmed at the bare mention of such an idea. He could not consent to be shelved in that decisive manner. But he has subsided from active "looking around" in pursuit of his object, into that calm irresponsible submissiveness, characteristic of the somewhat elderly bachelor, which waits until she may chance to present herself spontaneously, and "come along" of her own accord. "Some day—some day," says Peleg; "it will happen some day or other. What's the use of being in a hurry?"

Peleg W. Ponder's great object is now ambition. His personal affairs are somewhat embarrassed by his lack of enterprise; and he hankers greatly for an office. But which side to join? Ay, there's the rub! Who will purvey the loaf and fish? For whom shall Peleg shout?

Behold him, as he puzzles over the returns of the state elections, laboring in vain to satisfy his mind as to the result in the presidential contest. Stupefied by figures—perplexed by contradictory statements—bothered by the general hurrah; what can Peleg do?

"Who's going to win? That's all I want to know," exclaims the vexed Peleg; "I don't want to waste my time a blowing out for the wrong person, and never get a thank'e. What's the use of that? There's Simpkins—says I, Simpkins, says I, which is the party that can't be beat. And Simpkins turns up his nose and tells me every fool knows that—it's his side—so I hurrah for Simpkins's side as hard as I can. But then comes Timpkins—Timpkins's side is t'other side from Simpkins's side, and Timpkins offers to bet me three levies that his side is the side that can't be beat. Hurrah! says I, for Timpkins's side!—and then I can't tell which side.

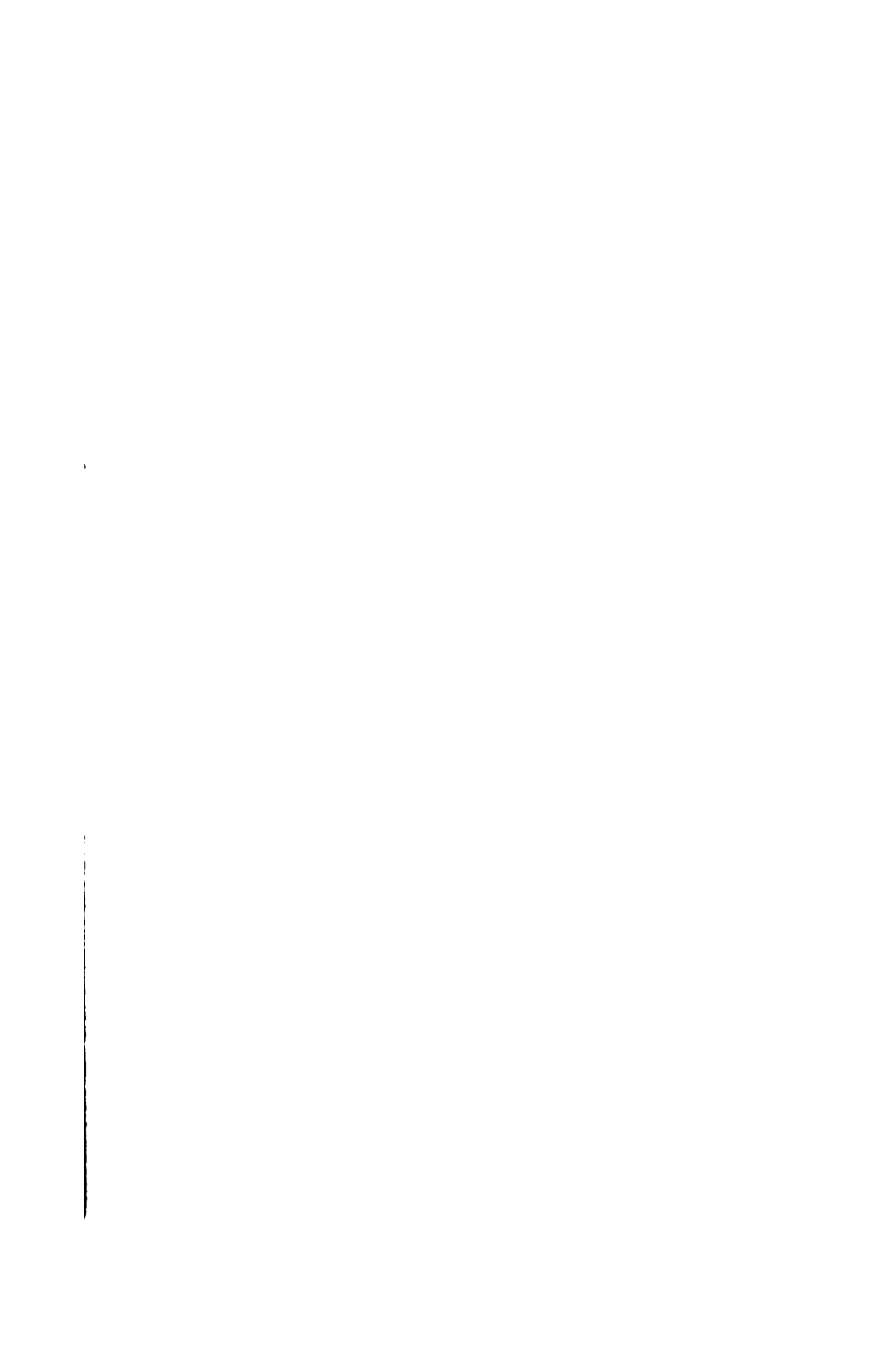
"As for the newspapers, that's worse still. They not only crow all round, but they cipher it out so clear, that both sides must win, if there's any truth in the ciphering-book; which there isn't about election times. What's to be done?

I've tried going to all the meetings—I've hurraed for everybody—I've been in all the processions, and I sit a little while every evening in all sorts of headquarters. I've got one kind of documents in one pocket, and t'other kind of documents in t'other pocket; and as I go home at night, I sing one sort of song as loud as I can bawl half of the way, and try another sort of song the rest of the way, just to split the difference and show my impartiality. If I only had two votes—a couple of 'em—how nice it would be.

“But the best thing that can be done now, I guess, as my character is established both ways, is to turn in quietly till the row is all over. Nobody will miss me when they are so busy; and afterward, when we know all about it, just look for Peleg W. Ponder as he comes down the street, shaking people by the hand, and saying how we have used them up. I can't say so now, or I would—for I am not perfectly sure yet which is 'we,' or which is 'them.' Time enough when the election is over.”

It will thus be seen that Ponder is a remarkable person. Peter Schlemihl lost his shadow, and became memorably unhappy in consequence; but what was his misfortune when compared with that of the man who has no side? What are shadows if weighed against sides? And Peleg is almost afraid that he never will be able to get a side, so unlucky has he been heretofore. He begins to dread that both sides may be defeated; and then, let us ask, what is to become of him? Must he stand aside?

THE END.



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